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## NOTES.

IT is very likely true that President Kruger's Government are negotiating with the Portuguese Government for the development of the port of Delagoa Bay and the province of Lorenço Marques. It would be quite worth while for the Transvaal to advance a loan to Portugal for this purpose, and the security would be ample. The Customs dues collected at Delagoa Bay are already considerable, and if a little money was spent on improving the port and quays a considerable revenue would be obtained. As soon as the award of the Swiss arbitrators is made known (and it will probably result in half a million sterling compensation to the Macmurdo bondholders), the Portuguese Government will probably put the Delagoa Bay Railway up for auction, and a Dutch syndicate will no doubt buy it. The Anglo-Portuguese Convention only prevents Portugal from selling the province and harbour without giving England the chance of buying. But obviously this convention could be evaded by Portugal selling, not the freehold of the harbour and province, but a concession for their development for a limited number of years to a private individual. Indeed with regard to a portion of the province of Lorenço Marques, at all events, this has already been done. The Portuguese Foreign Minister admits that a concession was granted to one Fornazini in 1887, and that this concession has been passed on to "one or more Germans." If these one or more Germans should in their turn pass on the concession to the German Government, the Anglo-Portuguese Convention would be violated. The Portuguese Minister has promised to cancel any such transfer, if it has been made, which he does not believe.

A seaport has long been the object of President Kruger's ambition. It was with this view that he worried the British Colonial Office until he was allowed to annex Swaziland; but there is no harbour there to be compared to Delagoa Bay. Mr. Rhodes at one time thought of buying a concession for thirty years of Delagoa Bay and the railway from Portugal for the Government of the Cape Colony, and was willing to give something like two millions. But Mr. Rhodes is not popular at Lisbon, and from a variety of causes the intrigue came to nothing.

Lord Halsbury's Bill to amend the law of evidence in criminal cases has practically passed the House of Lords. It proposes to make prisoners competent, though not compellable, witnesses on their own behalf—that is to say, they can elect to go into the box or not. Will the House of Commons pass the Bill into law before Dr. Jameson's trial? Under the existing law Dr. Jameson's mouth will be closed, although there is, of course, no one who can give such relevant evidence

as he. Lord Halsbury's Bill, it need hardly be said, has not been introduced with a view to Dr. Jameson's trial, as the learned lord has for many years advocated this amendment in the law, and a similar Bill has been drafted in previous years. But it will not be creditable to the House of Commons if it delays to pass a measure which the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice agree in recommending, and which, by an accident, would have a most important result in an impending trial of international interest.

The object of Dr. Rutherford Harris, in his well-written and well-reasoned article, "The Fate of South Africa," in the current number of the "New Review," is to prove that on the manner in which England discharges her responsibility to the Uitlanders of the Transvaal it depends whether our South African possessions become a Dominion of South Africa loyal as the Dominion of Canada, or a Dominion loyal to Germany, or a United States of South Africa related to us only as the United States of America are related. He need scarcely have mentioned a German hegemony, as that could never be permitted by us so long as England remains a first-rate naval Power. The danger, no doubt, lies in the possibility of our neglecting our Imperial responsibilities, and failing to support the English in South Africa, the Uitlanders of the Transvaal in particular, until their pride in England changes to disgust and animosity.

"A country the size of Italy, producing two-thirds of the gold of the world, and inhabited by an English-speaking population of three or four hundred thousand souls, with their restless energy and fixed determination to push their manufactures and develop the resources of their country, must set the tune to the rest of South Africa. The Transvaal as an opulent and thickly populated State, surrounded by poorer and less favoured neighbours, cannot fail to drag the Free State, the Cape Colony, and Natal into some closer communion with its political and commercial organization. There will be a Federation of South Africa. But what tune will the Transvaal set to that Federation?" Thus excellently Dr. Harris forecasts the future of the Transvaal. He is quite safe in laying it down as certain that the Uitlanders will sooner or later break the fetters of their present political serfdom; though some of his figures conflict rather seriously with President Kruger's. President Kruger gives rather more than 23,000 men as the total force that can be mustered round the flag of the South African Republic. Dr. Harris speaks of the male Boers as altogether numbering 14,000. Whose figures are we to accept as accurate?

Dr. Harris effectively quotes the authoritative statement of the Uitlanders' grievances by Mr. Charles Leonard, the gifted leader of the National Union, who

is fortunately free to fight the *Uitlanders*' battle here in London. Dr. Harris ably supplements Mr. Leonard's statements by a scathing criticism of the official manipulation of the Transvaal railways for the purpose of damaging British interests and British trade. No one who desires to understand the situation in the Transvaal, and the greatness of the interests we have at stake there, should fail to read and digest this article, the most lucid and well-informed survey of the South African problem that has recently appeared.

The advocacy of the Chartered Company by the "Times" has reached no more indecent length than its publication, on hearsay evidence of the third degree, of the statement that the Transvaal Government had sent a forged telegram to Dr. Jameson inviting him to cross the border. A German newspaper, the "Frankfurter Zeitung," had stated that a Dutch newspaper, the "Volksstem," published at Pretoria, had alleged that such a telegram had been sent. Without verification the Berlin Correspondent of the "Times" copied the statement, and wired it to London, where it was published in that journal. It now turns out, according to the London Correspondent of the "Volksstem," that this story, which appeared in the weekly edition of the "Volksstem" of 25 January, was "actually" a translation from an English pamphlet published at Johannesburg, as stated in the 'Volksstem,' and that the 'Volksstem' could in no way be held responsible" for it.

The Bourgeois Ministry has emerged triumphantly from its combat with the reactionary Senate, only to find itself confronted by a Budget Committee in the Chamber which is almost united in its hostility to the Radical income-tax feature of the Budget. We have frequently commented upon the fact that M. Bourgeois secures majorities in the Chamber, not because the moderate Republicans like him, but because they are afraid to appear in the lists as voting against him. The Budget Committees are constituted by secret balloting, and, under this cover, these cowardly Deputies have been able to raise a considerable obstacle in the path of the Radical Cabinet. Much uncertainty prevails as to the outlook. The simplest plan would be to drop the Income-tax Bill altogether, and nine Radicals out of ten, both in and out of the Ministry, are said to favour this step. But it happens that the measure is the darling project of M. Cavaignac—an earnest and vehement, not to say fanatical, person, something of the type of our own Mr. Arnold-Forster—and his impassioned devotion to his Bill is a thing not lightly to be disregarded.

Any Ministerial crisis which should remove M. Berthelot from the French Foreign Office would be at this juncture an international misfortune. When his name first appeared in the list of the Cabinet composed by M. Bourgeois, it was received both here and in France with smiles. His eminence in his profession of analytical chemist was undoubted; but the connexion between a mastery of coal-tar products and the intricacies of foreign diplomacy was not clear to any mind. It was as if Professor Dewar had been made Foreign Secretary last June instead of Lord Salisbury. But very soon it became apparent that M. Berthelot was to be taken seriously, and month by month his reputation has grown, until now he is conspicuously the one Minister to whom all groups in Parliament listen with respect. Here in England we have special reasons for praying that he may not be disturbed. He has done more in twenty weeks to bring the French and English peoples together in intelligent and mutually helpful relations than all his predecessors did in more than that number of years.

The Government's Educational proposals may or may not be revealed before the Easter recess; but we understand that those who hoped for a big fight over them are to be disappointed. Their principal feature, it seems, is to be a scheme for materially increasing Treasury aid to the schools in poor districts, Voluntary and Board alike, and in other respects the contentious elements have been minimized to such an extent that

no reduction in the Unionist majority is to be looked for.

It is already tacitly understood on the Opposition Benches that Irish Home Rule is "off." The Liberal party will never go into another election with this as its foremost issue, or even as a distinct issue at all. Mr. John Morley was more than any other man responsible for the pre-eminence it secured on the Newcastle Programme. For years he held out stubbornly against the idea of combining the Irish with the Welsh and Scotch aspirations for legislative autonomy, and his opposition sufficed to keep Ireland in front. But his experiences at Montrose have moderated his views, and he is now practically converted to the formula of "Home Rule all round."

Mr. Lloyd George and his followers of the "Young Wales" wing are making strenuous efforts to commit the Welsh members as a body to this project of "Home Rule all round" as the chief plank in their platform, but the section which prefers Disestablishment as the leading issue is both large and tenacious, and the party is much divided in consequence. In fact the inability of the Welsh to unite upon a town which shall be the capital of the Principality (Sir John Gorst "chaffed" them about it the other evening) is typical of their incapacity to agree upon anything whatsoever. In the meantime, the Irish Nationalists are leaving London in large detachments to attend to their business at home. They recognize that their game, so far as it depended upon the English Liberals, is lost. Moreover, there is no money in their party treasury to pay sessional salaries, and Mr. Dillon's imposition of himself upon the party as Chairman has cut off the last hope of fresh subscriptions.

We hope Mr. Gerald Balfour's speech on Wednesday was not the last word of the Government on the question of the evicted tenants. It is mere pedantry to say that there is any real principle involved. In 1891 the Unionist Government admitted the desirability of a settlement, and by the 13th Clause of the Act of that year offered to assist by advancing the purchase-money to such ex-tenants as could come to an agreement on the subjects with their landlords. The clause did not work, according to the Parnellites, because the men are ruined and could not stock their farms or sow their fields. But Mr. Balfour puts his foot down, and says that it is a matter of principle to refuse. Where the principle comes in if we advance a man £100 to buy back his farm and refuse him £10 to enable him to live on it, we fail to see. At present it costs close on £1,000 a year for extra police to guard Lord Clanricarde's evicted farms, the total valuation of which amounts to just over £100. Would it not be cheaper to spend the money on giving the wretched men another chance? The "Plan" is as dead as Queen Anne; its inventors are a discredited faction. If the Irish Government wishes to complete their discomfiture, it could not do so more effectively than by showing Mr. Dillon's victims who are their true friends.

By the way, it is curious to notice how incompetence, mismanagement, and bankruptcy have marked every attempt at practical administration by the Land Leaguers. "New Tipperary" has reverted to its original utility as a cabbage garden, and looks none the better for the £40,000 that was squandered on it. Mr. Parnell's Migration scheme swallowed up a still larger sum, and has been wound up without "migrating" a single Mayo cottier. And now Mr. Davitt's Irish Woollen Company has, according to a Dublin telegram, "ended disastrously." The Company, says the reporter, "has, practically, owing to continuous and prolonged defalcations, disappeared." Now, without wishing to be captious, we would suggest that before the affairs of "the Irish race at home and abroad" are handed over to these gentlemen, they should be called on to display a little of their business capacity in managing their own speculations. A Board of Directors who have ruined every concern they have taken in hand are scarcely in a position to appeal for further public support and confidence.

The New York Yacht Club has certainly taken a strong measure in expelling Lord Dunraven. But we cannot say that the action of the Club is 'unjustifiable. When a man makes specific charges, which at an investigation where he is represented by counsel he is unable to prove, it is his plain duty to withdraw them and to apologize for having made them. The evidence of the eyesight is by no means conclusive, as the publications of the Psychical Research Society testify. But Lord Dunraven not only does not withdraw or apologize for, but he reiterates, his charges against "persons unknown." We do not see how, under the circumstances, the New York Yacht Club could have done anything else but expel his lordship.

The Attorney-General admitted the other day, in answer to Mr. R. G. Webster, M.P., that his "attention had been called" to the congestion of business in the High Court of Justice, and he "believed it to be the fact" that there was greater delay in trying actions in London than in some provincial centres. The Attorney-General's remedy is the appointment of more judges. Our remedy is the strengthening of the Bench by the retirement of judges who are past their work, and the appointment in their places of younger men. Some months ago we drew attention in an article to what is little short of a public scandal—namely, the number of judges of extremely advanced age who are allowed to remain on the Bench long after they have earned their pensions, and at an age when they ought to be playing with their grandchildren instead of disposing of the lives, the liberty, and the property of their countrymen. It is these old judges who waste the public time, by unpunctuality, by adjournments, by garrulity, by lack of grip of the business that comes before them, and by what certainly they cannot help—frequent absence through illness. Most of these old judges, too, have one common note—insolence to witnesses and the junior Bar. With regard to one or two of them, frequent complaints are made by the profession in high quarters. Will no unprofessional member of Parliament take this matter up, and bring in a Bill to fix a period for the superannuation of judges, as of Civil servants?

What a charming historical anecdote is that told by Mr. Goschen, at Lewes, of how he was coached by Lord Palmerston, in 1864, before moving the Address of Thanks! In those good old times, instead of a preposterously long programme, domestic legislation was dismissed in the Queen's Speech by the following phrase:—"Various measures of public utility will be submitted to your consideration." After listening to the veteran Premier's exposition of the European situation, the timid and blushing young Goschen ventured to ask, "And with regard to domestic legislation, what am I to say?" "Well, you know," answered Lord Palmerston, "we have been adding a great many laws to the Statute Book every year, and we can't go on passing law after law. I think we have almost done enough. A little law reform, a little bankruptcy legislation, and" (cheerfully rubbing his hands) "I think that will do." How delightful! And what a pity statesmen do not more often relieve the tedium of their harangues by bits of biography!

Mr. Goschen really speaks better on the platform than in the House of Commons, for he has a rhetorician's sensitive temperament, and the cheers of a popular audience stimulate him to greater efforts than the languid atmosphere of that terrible assembly of cynics at St. Stephen's. Then, again, in the House of Commons Mr. Goschen's provocative style leads to his being frequently interrupted by opponents, and as he always pursues an interrupter to the death, the main effect is broken, and sometimes he cannot get back on to the rails. But the Lewes speech is a statesmanlike performance, which contains, amongst others, two passages of great interest and importance. Mr. Goschen tells us that the Mekong agreement between Great Britain and France constitutes "a territorial guarantee of the core and centre of the kingdom of Siam." This is an identical assurance with that

given in the French Chamber in answer to M. Deloncle by M. Berthelot, who compared the position of Siam to that of Belgium. It is significant, however, that the "Temps" denies that there is any language in the agreement which guarantees the neutrality, or territorial integrity, of Siam.

The other interesting passage is that on England's isolation. Mr. Goschen makes the profound, but in our opinion perfectly true, observation that the obstacles to our forming foreign alliances lie, not in the foreign Powers, but in our own democratic institutions. When the House of Commons, the Press, and the general public, all claim to take a hand in the game of diplomacy, when despatches are published before they are received, negotiations with Continental Powers become impossible. We have no allies, for the simple reason that we do not think it worth while, at present, to pay the price of an alliance. It may very much be doubted, for instance, whether it would be possible for Lord Salisbury to do in 1896 what Lord Beaconsfield did in 1878—namely, conclude a defensive alliance with Turkey, or any other Power, against Russia, or any other Power. But Mr. Goschen reassures the alarmists by declaring that we can at any moment have any European alliance we choose, merely for the asking. We are not so sure of that; for nations, like individuals, have feelings.

The clumsy and antiquated methods which govern our Consular service find an interesting illustration in the British colony at Florence. Its chief social figure is H. M. Consul-General for all Italy, Sir Dominic Colnaghi, who enjoys a salary of £1,000 a year, and maintains a lofty and aristocratic exclusiveness which even Ambassadors might envy. One of the busiest of the other Consuls at Florence, who moreover lives almost next door to Sir Dominic, says that during ten years he has never found him in his office, or for that matter seen him at all. The only official connected with the British Consulate-General who is ever visible is an Italian subordinate. It is true that British interests do not suffer particularly, because there is next to nothing for a British Consul to do at Florence. It is not an industrial or commercial centre, and no other country makes the mistake of treating it as if it were. The Germans, for instance, have their Consul-General at Genoa, and their next most important Consular official at Milan, which is the place of all others in Italy where our trade could with profit be developed and enlarged. We have a Consul there at £100 a year, with the result that the Germans are making heavy and increasing inroads into our commerce in that district. Our existing Consular arrangements in Italy were made, apparently, before the Italian Court was moved from Florence to Rome, a quarter of a century or so ago, and our Foreign Office has not yet had time to adapt itself to the changed conditions.

The "Yellow Book" is always pleasant to the eye as regards get-up, and generally speaking interesting as regards illustrations; but the letterpress is often not altogether satisfactory. In the current number—the first for this year—for instance, the fiction is a feature which might easily be improved. Mr. Gissing's story, of course, is carefully written, and Mr. Marriott Watson's has charm, vaguely reminiscent of Amelie Rives, whose remarkable first book has certainly suggested the subject. Mr. H. G. Wells, too, has a strong and sincere piece of work, quite worthy of his rapidly advancing reputation. The rest of the fiction, however, is mere weariness to read, with the exception of Mr. Harland's "P'tit Bleu." This will provoke a stronger feeling than weariness. Mr. Harland, having seen how successfully Mr. Du Maurier had passed off a copy of *Murger* for an original work, apparently thought he might do the same on a small scale by mixing a little "Trilby" with a good deal of Maupassant's "Mouche," and the result is a mixture worthy of the "Yellow Dwarf." The verse, of which there is a good deal, lacks distinction. An exception, however, must be made in favour of the charming work of Miss Olive Custance, who realizes "A Mood" with considerable emotional insight, and renders it with a felicity of diction which promises well for her future.

## OUR RELATIONS WITH FRANCE.

WE have good reason to believe that much more progress has been made in the work of re-establishing friendly relations between England and France than is generally suspected. Lord Salisbury and the French Ambassador have been together a great deal these past few weeks, and although the secret of their conferences is absolutely guarded, one fact has come to our knowledge from which several important deductions logically proceed. It seems that not even Mr. George Curzon, the Foreign Under-Secretary, has been admitted to his chief's confidence on the subject; but none the less we understand that the ancient and vexatious Newfoundland difficulty has been definitely arranged between Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay.

This long-standing Newfoundland dispute has for the past dozen years involved much larger issues than those of the classification of lobsters and the privileges of buying bait. Nominally it was a fisherman's squabble: it reality it has served one French Foreign Minister after another as a powerful weapon with which to embarrass our occupation of Egypt. Whenever the question of the "French shore" has come up between the two nations, our statesmen have invariably found it complicated by stipulations as to our evacuation of the Nile valley. This determination not to allow the one to be settled independently of the other has been, perhaps, the one feature of French foreign policy which has been least affected by the incessant political fluctuations in Paris. Seventeen French Cabinets have come and gone since we went to Cairo, and they have represented almost as many different shades of partisan thought and spirit, but they have all been of one mind as to the value of employing Newfoundland as a lever by which eventually to force us out of Egypt.

M. Berthelot has exhibited a disposition toward England which is in striking and most welcome contrast to that of his predecessors, but it is not imaginable that he should have abandoned out of mere good feeling this advantage of playing off Newfoundland against Egypt. It is a legitimate assumption that if the Newfoundland trouble has been settled, as we feel warranted in believing is the case, then a solution has been found for the Egyptian problem as well. If that turns out to be what Baron de Courcey and Lord Salisbury have been devoting themselves to in their recent numerous interviews, they will have indeed spent their time most profitably.

We have not concealed our sympathy with the view that England has all along occupied a false position as regards Egypt. Our occupation of the country is admittedly conditional; but from time to time, under the provocation of foreign criticism and intermeddling, we have interpreted the conditions which bound us in a way to give great offence to France. In Egypt itself we have wrought many remarkable improvements of a material kind, but we have not made ourselves beloved. The crowd at Cairo and Alexandria would cheer the spectacle of our departing garrisons more fervently, in all likelihood, than any other Mussulman throng has ever cheered any event. A few of our official administrators, and one or two of our generals, have created or enhanced personal reputations during our stay in Egypt, and the owners of Egyptian securities have undoubtedly made money; but these results are not to be mentioned by comparison with the national difficulties and losses which the unlucky occupation has entailed on us. Indeed it is so evidently a misfortune and not a benefit to us to be in Egypt, that when Lord Salisbury in 1887 made an attempt to arrange some satisfactory plan for our retirement, those diplomats at Constantinople whose mission it was to multiply British embarrassments persuaded the Sultan to interpose objections and delays, the effect of which was to compel us to remain in Egypt.

Precisely the same spirit animates the current cloud of rumours from Berlin and St. Petersburg about the reopening of the Eastern Question. Neither Germany nor Russia cares a farthing about Egypt, save as a source of trouble and possible mischief to us. They have supported the French with great readiness in every attempt to hamper our administration in Egypt, and to make our position there as unpleasant as possible,

but this they have done from their own point of view, and not that of the Paris politicians. The Russo-German combination by no means shares the French desire to see us altogether out of Egypt. Its idea is to keep us there, with our head in "chancery" as it were, and then to encourage and assist the French in baiting and harassing us. Nothing could be less welcome to the German and Russian Foreign Offices than the prospect of an amicable arrangement between England and France as to Egypt. Such a friendly settlement would destroy at once the artificial barrier between the two great liberalizing forces of Western Europe, which the autocrats have built and maintained with such cunning pains. At the mere suggestion of the possibility that Lord Salisbury and M. Berthelot are exchanging ideas about Egypt we see Russia pushing forward her tool, the Sultan, to open a discussion of the subject from a wholly different standpoint, and we find the rabble-pack of official German papers supplied with ready-made leading articles, all aimed at creating the impression that Europe is about to compel England to scuttle out of Egypt, bag and baggage.

This Russo-German manœuvre has a double object: to persuade the French into a fresh series of angry demonstrations against the perfidious England of M. Deloncle's imagination, and to provoke the English to declare that they will not allow themselves to be bullied out of Egypt by any Power or combination of Powers. This adroit device of playing upon the popular temper in France and England, the only two countries in which public opinion shapes official action, and thus keeping the two peoples who should be friends at perpetual loggerheads, is older than Metternich's time. It is being employed now by Prince Lobanoff and Prince Hohenlohe with a cynical lack of concealment. If it be true, as we earnestly hope, and almost venture to believe, that Lord Salisbury and M. Berthelot have been inspired to draw apart from this heartless and honourless diplomatic cabal called the "Concert of Europe," and to establish a complete and satisfactory understanding between France and England on the Egyptian Question, the result will be one upon which civilization may well congratulate itself. Great Britain could not suffer herself to be browbeaten or coerced into a withdrawal from the Nile delta, and the mistaken efforts of the French Colonial group in this direction, skilfully aided by Russian and German intrigues, have created in this country a party disposed to dismiss the notion of evacuation altogether. But Great Britain is also capable of putting small considerations of *amour propre* aside, and going to generous lengths to meet the wishes of nations in whose loyalty and friendship she believes. We have no doubt that our withdrawal from Egypt would be received with genuine popular favour in England if it were made clear that the action secured for us the honest goodwill of the French people.

## FISCAL OBSCURANTISM.

IN the House of Lords it is their "custom of an afternoon" to have not so much formal debates as "conversations." And very interesting some of their conversations are. One of the most interesting of these colloquies took place on Tuesday between Lord Stanley of Alderley and Lord Salisbury on the subject of the prices of bread and wheat. We are sorry to be obliged to say it, but Lord Salisbury appears to us to entirely fail to grasp the widespread interest which this subject of our fiscal policy excites in the country. The Prime Minister seems to be more preoccupied with the task of rebutting the charge of having made a Protectionist speech at Hastings in 1892 than with the real merits of the question of our food supply. With all due deference to Lord Salisbury, his consistency is a matter of secondary importance compared with that of our future fiscal arrangements. The British public does not expect anything like rigid consistency from its public men. The electors, who are on the whole an intelligent and generous body, know pretty well the conditions under which their public men work; and they appreciate more fully than politicians suppose how impossible it is for a statesman always to square his Opposition utterances with his official declarations. If only statesmen would

rid their minds of this bugbear of consistency, how many disingenuous and tedious arguments should we be spared, and how much more light should we get upon public affairs! The important thing at this moment is not whether Lord Salisbury did or did not make a Protectionist speech at Hastings in 1892, but what he thinks now can be done, or ought to be done, as regards our tariff system. And this, unfortunately, Lord Salisbury obstinately refuses to tell us. He waives aside the discussion of our tariff policy as "highly interesting from a literary or scientific point of view," but as purely academical, and therefore not worth arguing. We think that the Prime Minister makes a grave mistake. There is no question which more "comes home to men's business and bosoms" than this of our food supply; and if there is a cry which, sooner or later—and in our opinion it will be rather sooner than later—will convulse the country, it is that of the condition of British industries.

Lord Stanley of Alderley wanted to know when the papers respecting the prices of bread and wheat would be ready; and he took the opportunity of remarking that in France, where in 1894 under a protective tariff the price of wheat averaged 36s. a quarter, the average price of the quatern loaf was from 5d. to 6d., pretty much what it is here with wheat at 21s. 10d. a quarter. In the "Times" of Wednesday Mr. James Lowther pointed out, in answer to Mr. Spearman, that while the acreage under wheat in Free-trade England is steadily decreasing, the cereal area in Protectionist France is as steadily increasing, as proved by the figures of 1894. Mr. Lowther also took advantage of Mr. Spearman's admission that the imposition of duties on wheat has only increased its price by one-half to enforce his contention that duties are paid, at any rate as to 50 per cent., not by the consumer but by the foreign producer. We do not, however, wish to discuss Free-trade and Protection within the limits of an article like this. But we do protest against the obscurantism of Lord Salisbury's attitude towards the whole question. Lord Salisbury said he was not inclined to follow Lord Stanley "into a disquisition on the politico-economic question" which he had raised. "The question of the bearing of tariffs upon prices is a matter of extreme complexity." Quite so; but so are all politico-economic questions, which are the majority of questions with which it is the business of statesmen to deal. Is that a reason for shirking them?

Lord Salisbury then went on to repeat the threadbare argument that the consumers were masters of the situation, and that the consumers were hostile to any revision of our tariff policy. Now the consumers who are not also producers are *une quantité négligeable*. But there is one class of consumers, who are also producers, whose hostility has been hitherto fatal to the discussion—we mean the gentlemen who write leading articles in the great organs of opinion. Obviously it is to their interest to keep prices low. The real obstacles to the discussion of our fiscal policy are the hostility of Fleet Street and the laziness of our statesmen, who will not take the trouble to unlearn the political economy of their undergraduate days, and to wrestle with the columns of the Statistical Abstract. It is impossible to deny that there is some truth in Lord Salisbury's statement that "discussion has very little to do with the decision which nations come to on this question. They are guided each one by the belief that this course or that will be favourable to their own interests." It is true that the Corn-law was abolished without argument in the House of Commons, for Disraeli complained again and again in the course of the debates that the Government had given them "no agricultural statistics." But the Anti-Corn-law League had discussed the question vigorously outside Parliament for five years. How can "the belief," of which Lord Salisbury speaks, as to one course or another being expedient, be generated except by discussion? We have very much improved our official system of collecting statistics since 1846. All the facts as to the fiscal policy of Great Britain and other countries can now be obtained and compared. Let us argue the question of Free-trade and Protection boldly and yet cautiously, like men of business. Let us see whether we cannot unite the Mother-country and her colonies into a

Trades-Union against the world. But surely nothing is to be gained by the Prime Minister's shrugging his shoulders and declining to discuss the question because it is one of extreme complexity, and because discussion has nothing to do with its decision.

#### LAW AND COMMON SENSE.

THERE seems a fair prospect that the Criminal Evidence Bill will at last become law. Successive Chancellors, Whig and Tory, have piloted it through the Lords, but the House of Commons was always too busy discussing the affairs of the universe to devote any time to the consideration of a measure that would enable common sense to prevail over common law. This year, however, it has got through its stages in the Upper House at so early a period of the Session that there can be no excuse for further delay in the Lower; and, if the Law Officers display the smallest amount of belief in their chief's Bill, the Queen's signature ought to be attached to it before many weeks are gone. That a person accused of an offence should be permitted to give evidence as to his knowledge of the facts of the case, and that, next to himself, his wife would be the best witness to interrogate, seems a reasonable proposition. It is the course that any one who really wished to arrive at the truth would instinctively follow in the ordinary affairs of life. But the law says No, and so it has been necessary year after year to go over the old ground, and prove to empty benches that it would be a wise and a just thing to enact, in the words of the first clause of Lord Halsbury's Bill, that "Every person charged with an offence, and the wife or husband, as the case may be, of the person so charged, shall be a competent witness."

That such was the law of England at one time does not admit of doubt. The very phrase still used to describe the preliminary trial before the magistrate—"examination of the prisoner"—proves it, although nowadays the prisoner is the only person who must not be examined on such occasions. It is the law in every country that does not derive its rules of evidence from England. Our newspapers get a good deal of comic copy out of a French murder trial, with its duels between the accused and the examining magistrate; but it does not follow that a system that is abused in a highly centralized country, with magistrates who do not cease to be partisans on reaching the Bench, would develop the same drawbacks at Bow Street or the Old Bailey. How the system of closing the prisoner's mouth grew up is not very clear. No doubt the Church had something to do with it; for we find traces of the argument that, as a party interested was sure to perjure himself if allowed to give evidence, it was best for his own soul's sake and to avoid scandal that he should not have the opportunity. The argument that compulsory silence is necessary for the protection of the prisoner is of comparatively modern growth, and historically it is disposed of by the fact that the rule, in its origin, was not of application merely in our criminal Courts, but was a universal principle of justice. We move so fast nowadays that many people will need to be reminded that it was not till 1853 that the parties to a civil suit were allowed to become witnesses in their own case. This explains how Dickens was unable to delight succeeding ages with the spectacle of Mr. Pickwick under cross-examination by Sergeant Buzfuz. The defendant in *Bardell v. Pickwick* was not a competent witness.

No doubt the rule has been of service in the past, especially in the days of political trials and hanging judges, when the rule that "the Crown must make out its case" probably saved many an unhappy "Progressive" from the gallows or Van Diemen's Land. But our judges are now of a different type, and our laws have nothing of the brutal severity of a century ago. An innocent prisoner is much more likely to clear than to commit himself if he is allowed to make a full explanation when first charged; and if the conviction of a guilty one is thereby hastened—well, so much the better. For we avow our entire lack of sympathy with the amiable theory that would protect even the habitual criminal unless his guilt can be conclusively proved by outside evidence. The business of the law is to punish the

guilty, and if that can be effected by his own admissions, we fail to see the injustice or the inexpediency of the process. The reform will obviously tend to shorten trials and to save the time of judges and juries, and if the already sorely attenuated incomes of the junior Bar be further diminished thereby, we have no doubt that these deserving public servants will cheerfully suffer for the common good.

One ingenious argument sometimes heard in favour of the present system is that it tends to stimulate the activity of the police—that if they could extract the story of the crime from the prisoner, there would be no inducement for further research. We do not know that our detectives are so much superior to those trained under the French system as to give verisimilitude to this theory, which is evidently only a survival of the bad old days when the prisoner was tortured till he produced a story satisfactory to the authorities. In the East such a custom is not unknown at the present day, and a cynical Indian Civilian explained to Sir James Stephen that the native police objected to the English system because "it is far pleasanter to sit comfortably in the shade, rubbing red pepper into a poor devil's eyes, than to go about in the sun hunting up evidence." Here again the objection, so far as England is concerned, need not be discussed. There remains the argument that a prisoner has so much at stake that he cannot in all cases be trusted to tell the unbiased truth. Of course not, any more than the respondent in a divorce case or, for that matter, the defendant in a serious civil suit can in all cases be trusted to tell the unbiased truth. But that is no reason why the jury and the judge should not have the opportunity of hearing the man tell his own story, which, like men of sense, they can take for what it is worth. It is close on a century since Bentham, in his "Rationale of Judicial Evidence," exposed some of the absurdities of our system under George III. Only one of the rules attacked by him remains in force to-day, and we hope that before many days it will have gone to join its companions.

#### ARE THE UITLANDERS COWARDS?

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN CRITIC.

TO the question with which this article is intended to deal there has been practically but one answer up to the present time in the organs that influence public opinion in London and the Provinces, and also in the press at the Cape. By common consent the Uitlanders of Johannesburg are branded as cowards and dastards, in whom noisy boasting supplies the place of English resolution and pluck—perhaps the most maddening and disgraceful stigma that could be fixed upon a community of our countrymen.

Now, it must be admitted that on the charge of cowardice there is, at the first glance, a case against the Uitlanders. The mass of circumstantial evidence which was available immediately after the Krugersdorp surrender pointed unmistakably in that direction, and seemed hard to reconcile with any other conclusion. But it does not always turn out to be a safe course to jump to an obvious conclusion before the whole evidence has been tested and weighed, and already it begins to be plain that there is other evidence than England at first supposed, and other explanations of conduct which, as I have already observed, bears at first sight unmistakable marks of pusillanimity and even of poltroonery.

The evidence on which the Uitlanders as a body have been branded as cowards and execrated, not only in England, but also at the Cape, is briefly this:—They invited Dr. Jameson to come to their assistance, they made a great parade of warlike preparations, and so deceived him that when he crossed the frontier he confidently relied on adequate support, but when Dr. Jameson arrived on the scene of action at Krugersdorp they left him to his fate.

The invitation published by the "Times" with such extraordinary promptitude that one is forced to suspect that they may have a Mahatma on their staff, or have secured the astral co-operation of a journalistic Madame Blavatsky, was in Dr. Jameson's hands long before he decided to start upon his ill-starred ride. It was a sort of open invitation intended to be used, as its own word-

ing shows, only if certain circumstances arose, which, however, never did arise. The Reform Union certainly had contemplated the possibility of obtaining help from their countrymen who were encamped at the other side of the frontier; but they intended to use this possibility rather as a veiled threat to coerce Mr. Kruger into conceding their just demands than as an actual weapon, and, in truth, they almost grasped success.

With the causes of Dr. Jameson's expedition I am not here concerned; they have to be judicially examined into elsewhere; but this seems plain—that the published invitation of the Reform Committee, however it came into Dr. Jameson's possession, was not intended by them to result in Dr. Jameson's immediate advance, for not only were no preparations made to meet him, but the news was received by the Reform leaders with astonishment and consternation.

This admitted overthrow of the evidence, then, to a great extent weakens the charge of cowardice against the Uitlanders. If they were unprepared, and neither expected nor wished for the coming of the Chartered men, their inaction was certainly not a breach of faith. Still, it may be reasonably argued, when Jameson had come, though he was not wanted, would not really brave men have gone to his assistance? That may be admitted, provided that they were free to go.

But it is only reasonable to consider what was the situation of the Uitlanders. Instead of having 20,000 or 30,000 rifles, they had, as the event has proved, about 2,000. Instead of ample ammunition and artillery, they were practically unprepared in these essentials of equipment for war. Above all, the town of Johannesburg was open and defenceless to the Boer artillery, which could have laid it in ruins in a very short time. There was a very large helpless population of women and children in Johannesburg, and open war with the Boers would have meant to expose these women and children to unavoidable risks from the bombardment which would certainly have followed.

The fact is that the Reform Union Committee and their supporters had been playing a game of bluff with Mr. Kruger, and to such purpose that he really believed that they were ready for war and possessed the immense quantities of arms, ammunition, and artillery with which rumour credited them. He was thoroughly alarmed and anxious to make terms; indeed, he promised the chief of the reforms they required, and asked for an armistice. The Reform Committee, of course, were perfectly well aware that their preparations were not what Kruger supposed—that they had an altogether inadequate supply of weapons and ammunition to defend Johannesburg, much less to take the field in aid of Dr. Jameson.

The Reform Committee had suddenly to decide whether they should risk the lives of the large population of helpless non-combatants in Johannesburg, or risk their own reputations for courage by refusing to be "rushed" into a war thus unprepared. Of course, if it were true that the Uitlanders actually brought in Jameson, and expected his arrival, and had promised their support, it would be impossible to say a word for them. But it was always, to say the least, improbable that a Committee containing men of ability, such as Phillips and Farrar, would endeavour to precipitate an armed revolution for which they knew they were quite unprepared; and it now seems to be practically admitted that the Reform Committee neither desired nor expected the arrival of the Chartered men, while it is plainly proved that they were not ready for them, being quite unprepared to arm the half of the volunteers who were eager to serve. If the men against whom this charge of cowardice is made were enemies and aliens, we would still, it is to be hoped, give them a fair hearing, and look to their record in the past as well as the actual evidence against them. Surely we cannot do less when the accused are our own countrymen.

Now, what was the record of the Reform Committee now prisoners at Pretoria? Mr. George Farrar is a Bedfordshire man, a powerful athlete, at one time champion runner of South Africa, and a daring sportsman; Mr. Lionel Phillips, the representative of the chief house on the Rand, the Ecksteins, is a tough wiry man, well known to be as fearless and daring as he is energetic and persevering; Percy Fitzpatrick is a brilliant

Irishman, a thorough sportsman ; Colonel Rhodes certainly does not fall below the high level of courage almost invariable in an English officer of his age and experience ; Mr. Jim Leonard is an Afrikander as brave as they make them—and Wilson's men showed of what stuff the Afrikanders are made. These are men who had never in their lives been known to show the white feather, who had, on the contrary, the reputation of at least average British courage and enterprise. And yet they certainly did not, as one would have expected, lead out the Johannesburgers against the Boers. As to the rank and file of Johannesburg, they, to the number of 10,000, were eager to fight, and demanded to be led out ; but for the 10,000 determined men who volunteered there were not above 2,000 rifles, and other military supplies were wanting. And if the 2,000 men for whom rifles could be found had gone out to help Dr. Jameson, the large force of Boers known to be in the vicinity would have been able without resistance to seize the town. Then, in addition to their sense of duty to the women and children in Johannesburg and the unprepared state of their supplies, which alone would have justified a refusal to be rushed into a revolution by Dr. Jameson's misguided advance, the Reform Committee were paralysed by the active intervention of the High Commissioner, whose proclamation ordered them in the Queen's name to abstain from supporting Dr. Jameson. Loyal obedience to the definite orders of the Queen is a characteristic of the better class of Englishmen, and the active interference of the Home Government undoubtedly paralysed the revolution in Johannesburg. It was strong enough, added to their deep sense of duty to women and children, to prevent the Reform Committee from moving out to help Dr. Jameson ; and it was afterwards used effectively by Mr. Kruger, who made Sir Hercules Robinson his intermediary, to induce the Uitlanders in Johannesburg to lay down their arms.

Another question is closely connected with this charge of cowardice. It has been alleged against the Uitlanders' Reform movement that it was backed and even got up by millionaires, and that this "champagne-livered" crew of cowards was not unswayed by financial aims. But, in the first place, admitting, for argument sake, that it is an iniquity to be a millionaire, ought a millionaire to be, therefore, disfranchised ? Is it not to the credit of a millionaire that he should be willing to risk fortune, as well as liberty and life, in a movement which, in the possible event of failure, might end in the confiscation of his property ? Messrs. Phillips and Farrar knew that they were risking great wealth, and they are now prisoners, and their property in considerable danger, as the natural consequence of their action.

The fact is that the support of the Rand millionaires to the Reform Union movement is a matter of recent date. The Reform movement originated long ago among the professional and working classes—the doctors and lawyers and business men—of Johannesburg, and it was only lately, not long before the crisis, that the few millionaires who backed it were, very much to their credit, induced to join. The backbone of the movement was not money, nor financial aims, but a deep sense of injustice in Englishmen who are obliged to put up with an inferior position—the position not of citizens, but of unenfranchised strangers—and to endure excessive taxation in a country which the Boers hold simply by the permission and the excessive magnanimity of England—so generous in this case to aliens at the expense of her own sons. The taxation of food is carried to a point that amounts to the doubling of the prices of most of the necessities of life. For example, ham and bacon pay 1s. per lb. import duty, together with an *ad valorem* duty of 7½ per cent. ; flour pays 7s. 6d. duty per 100 lbs. and the same *ad valorem* duty as ham and bacon ; butter pays a tax of 1s. per lb., and eggs 6d. per dozen—and this fairly represents the nature of the taxation. Hence it is plain that the labourer and the artisan, as well as the professional man with a limited income, are far more heavily taxed in proportion to their income than the millionaire, to whom a few thousands make no great difference. Of course this pressure of taxation is not what is felt most : it is the fact that the taxation is unaccompanied

by representation that makes it so galling. But above all this there is the position to which an Englishman finds himself reduced—the position of a helot, openly domineered over by the Boers, who do not conceal their contempt, and refuse to afford any efficient protection to life or property.

#### FINES AND DEDUCTIONS.

THE Editor has asked me to try to explain in a popular fashion the matters which were at issue in the brief debate of Tuesday, at the end of which the Government were pressed into a promise, which they had at first refused to make, of attempting legislation within the year.

The subject is the chief of all the workmen's grievances. No measure in the list of Government Labour Bills is so popular among the majority of the working classes as the prevention or the limitation of deductions, or even the limitation of what is called "excessive fining." Figures show the Alien Importation Bill to be directed against a danger which, whether we admit its existence or whether we do not, cannot be pretended to be at present one existing on an extensive scale. Legislation against prison-made goods is also secondary in its character. The extension of workmen's compensation is in itself less sought for by the working class than is the measure upon deductions and fines ; and an old-age pension scheme appears to be difficult and to be far off. The subject of deduction from workmen's wages is the one subject upon which all the workers agree, so far as to hold that existing evils make it pressing and ripe for legislation.

The Truck Acts prohibited the payment of wage otherwise than in cash. There must be no agreement to spend the wage in any particular way, and the whole sum earned must be actually paid over. There are exceptions for medical attendance, for fuel, for house rent, for food prepared under the roof, and for miners' explosives, tools, and so forth,—provided in the miners' case that the sum deducted does not exceed the real value and is agreed to in writing by the workmen.

Such are the Truck Acts ; but there is unfortunately a superstructure of judge-made law. The first important case after the Act of 1831 was in 1845, that of Chawner *v.* Cummings, in which it was held that deductions for frame rents are legal. The next was in 1859, the case of Archer *v.* James, in which deductions for machines, for room, for fire and gas, and for winding, and small fines, such as fines for unpunctuality (agreed to by the workmen), were held legal in the Queen's Bench. There was an appeal to the Exchequer Chamber, which was heard by six judges, who were divided 3 to 3. Mr. Justice Keating, Mr. Justice Williams, and Mr. Justice Willes were clear against deductions, and indeed, on the words of the Truck Act, for upsetting not only the Queen's Bench decision in Archer *v.* James, but virtually the decision in Chawner *v.* Cummings. On the other side were Mr. Justice Pollock, Mr. Justice Bramwell, and Mr. Justice Byles, of whom the last named said nothing. Mr. Justice Pollock felt great difficulties, but did not like, after so many years, to disturb the decision in Chawner *v.* Cummings. Mr. Justice Bramwell quoted Adam Smith and Ricardo at length, and ended by suggesting that if Mr. Justice Pollock's view was, on the words of the Truck Act, bad law, it was good political economy.

In 1874 a Bill was passed dealing with Truck in the hosiery trade which specifically put down the frame rents legalized in Chawner *v.* Cummings, and which went further and appeared to prohibit fines in this one branch of trade. There was no real reason for dealing specially with the hosiery trade ; but it had friends at court, and their influence—especially that of Mr. Mundella—was sufficient to produce the law, although ultimately insufficient to lead to its effectual enforcement. There is a case on this Act, Willis *v.* Thorpe, in which it was decided that deductions from wages of fines for absence from work is not an offence such as to subject the employer to a penalty. There was a contract in this case that the workman should be liable to fines, though the contract did not expressly state that the fines should be deducted from wages. The fines were in fact deducted from the wages ; and Mr. Justice

Blackburn said that the contract itself was not illegal, because it did not provide for deduction; that the actual deduction was legal, because it did not come within the terms of the Act as to deductions, and was not a refusal to pay the wages or any part thereof in the current coin of the realm. The distinctions were fine, but the Act was badly drawn, and the judge came to his conclusion with hesitation.

In 1889 the Home Office tried to upset the law as laid down in *Chawner v. Cummings* and *Archer v. James*. The Office were, in my opinion, fully justified. It is possible that it may be contended that they were trying for a decision upon some point not precisely the same, but the speech of Mr. Danckwerts, the Treasury counsel, justifies my view that the Home Office found that the Truck Acts had become a dead letter in factories by the decisions, and that they were trying to upset, or at least to get round, those decisions. In the case of *Redgrave v. Kelly* the Court decided against the Chief Inspector of Factories, and against the views put forward by Mr. Danckwerts on behalf of the Home Office, and held legal, by the decision of Mr. Justice Mathew and Mr. Justice Grantham, fines for spoiling brushes, fines for spoiling goods in making them, and ordinary disciplinary fines.

Since 1889 the Factory Inspectors seem virtually to have been privately instructed not to raise Truck cases, pending legislation; and thus has grown up this, which I call, as it is, the chief of the workers' grievances.

The Chief Inspector's Reports yearly complain of the present state of the law and of the practice of many firms. The Trades-Union Congress annually takes the matter up, and has repeatedly pressed it by deputation upon successive Secretaries of State. The Report of the Board of Trade on Strikes in 1894, which has just been circulated to Parliament, deals with "excessive fining" as a frequent cause of strikes.

Deductions from wages may be classed as ordinary deductions, as fines for bad work, and as ordinary disciplinary fines. Ordinary deductions, such as deductions for material, are mentioned by some of the sub-inspectors in their notes included in the Chief Inspector's Report: for example, cases of so high a rate of charge as to amount to three times the value of the article.

In regard to general deductions, and even in the case of charges for hospital, infirmary, and so forth, there is almost everywhere a feeling that the accounts are not seen, and that, although in the case of the large firms things are generally right, in the case of small firms this is frequently not the case. There is a match factory in a provincial town where 1½d. a week is deducted for hospital, and I am informed by the Secretary of the Trades Council that, on his writing to ascertain if the hospital received the money, the secretary of the hospital replied that they had not had any money from that employer since 1893, although the money was stopped from wages up to October 1895, when attention was called to the matter. Clothing companies almost universally charge for thread, but a good many now pay the wages in full—a portion being put into an envelope to be immediately handed back again, and this being in respect of the thread. Some of these deductions are evidently felt by those who make them to be evasions of the Truck Act; but prosecutions have, as I state, all but ceased. Attention was called a year or two ago, about the time of the meeting of the Trades Congress at Belfast, to the deduction from the girls' wages at Belfast for needles, which were not only charged for by some firms, but charged at such a price that the girls could have bought the needles elsewhere far more cheaply. Now I believe that the legality or illegality of a deduction for needles may turn upon the question of whether the needles are supplied to the girls so as to become their property. If the deduction were for the use of the needle, the needle remaining the property of the employer, the deduction might be legal under judge-made law. This very fine distinction lies at the bottom of Lord Bramwell's argument in *Archer v. James*. If the needles became the property of the girls, the argument, from the Exceptions section of the Truck Act, is unanswerable. It could not be necessary in 1831 to legalize the supply of implements in the case of miners unless the Act prohibited such a supply in general. But

deductions for mere use would probably be held by the Courts to be legal under *Archer v. James*. The extent of the deductions in the case of women piece-workers is so considerable as to render all nominal accounts of wages fallacious in the extreme. I have seen the book of a piece-work woman-worker who was mentioned in a London newspaper, and also in the annual Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories. It shows her earnings in a week of very long days to average 5s. 6d., from even which small sum fines, not specified in amount, were deducted. She had to buy the wage book at the price of 3½d., which was a deduction from her first week, although the book is stamped "This is the property of H——n Bro<sup>n</sup>". The book, however, though she called it bought, might have been, as it was in some other cases, resold by the firm, so far as unused, to another girl. This book showed a fixed deduction of 2d. a week for "room" (which I believe meant cleaning), an average deduction of 6d. for "trimmings," and also fines not specified in detail. Another case which has also been in the annual Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories is one from a colour factory, which shows regular deductions of 4d. a week for room, of 2½d. per reel of thread, 1d. per needle, 3d. a week in the case of piece-workers for the gas used for the irons, and ½d. in every shilling earned in the case of machinists for steam-power. In a third case I find 1s. a week for steam-power deducted from all piece-workers in a clothing factory. The regular deductions, which are very general for gas, are a subject of great complaint, inasmuch as there seems to be little relation between the amount of gas used and the sum deducted. In cotton-cloth weaving it is a frequent complaint on the part of the girls that, although they have nothing whatever to do with the length of beam or warp, if the piece is too long they gain nothing, but if it is too short they are subject to deduction. In Lancashire in the case of reelers there is one deduction from their wages for motive power, and a second for carrying the hanks into the warehouse. In the case of a well-known tailor in Birmingham where 250 girls are employed there is a deduction all round of 1s. a week for the use of sewing-machines, 1d. for gas, ½d. for sweeping the room, 1d. for ¼ lb. of soap (although the same soap is sold elsewhere at 2d. a lb.), 1½d. for hospital, in addition to the usual disciplinary fines. The girls are compelled to buy their thread, cotton, and trimmings from the firm. Average deductions all round are from 1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d. a week per head. The finishers have 4d. a week deducted for the sewing on of buttons by a machine which a girl minds, who is paid only 4s. 6d.; so that the firm makes a considerable sum a week out of the finishers' fourpences. In this firm, when a daughter of the employer was married, and the great majority of the girls refused to subscribe for a wedding present, 1s. 6d. was stopped out of their wages. Of course they could have sued in this last-named case; but of course they did not.

Coming to fines for bad work: a woman in Belfast was fined 15s. for pouring too hot a sizing on to glass, although there is some evidence that she acted under the orders of a responsible person; 6d. a week was deducted from her wages of 7s. 6d. for 30 weeks; leaving her 7s. In a Belfast mill a weaver was fined 4s. 6d. for having a loom out of order, although she had repeatedly informed the overseer of the defect; and in the same mill there are repeated fines for stains in cloth, although these are caused by the firm using inferior oil for lubricating purposes. Now there are some who wish to prevent deductions and to allow disciplinary fines, which may be thought by some to be necessary to a certain degree. They have been restricted in foreign countries as they are not restricted here, but they are still allowed under safeguards. These fines are a fruitful source of tyranny. Fines for laughing and such-like breaches of discipline are frequently extravagant in amount. Fines for unpunctuality are in many cases terribly high, and the result is that there are many workers in this country who, from time to time, instead of receiving wages for a long week, are in debt to the firm. Miss Ford, of Leeds, some time ago named a case in which a girl was in debt to the firm for several weeks. Now no one wishes to defend unpunctuality, and every one must feel that there are

some classes of work in which it constitutes a very serious evil. But if it is without excuse, and if it is repeated, it is far better that in those cases where it cannot be dealt with, as it can be in some trades, by having extra workers who are glad to take their chance of piece-work when the regular worker is late, it should be dealt with, when serious, by dismissal. Any other course means the reduction to slavery of many of the workers. The Chief Inspector of Factories is not, I believe, in favour of the complete abolition of disciplinary fines, but in the reports sent in through him these fines are described as being often excessive. There is a case given of a workshop where it is the custom to deduct a half-day's wage for any unpunctuality exceeding five minutes ; and in many of these cases the doors are shut before the hour of beginning work, and are not opened again until five minutes past the hour. The Inspectors point out that in France it is now the law that fines cannot exceed a fixed proportion of the wage ; while in Germany the fines must be devoted to a purpose which benefits the worker—as is sometimes, but too seldom, done in this country—and every fine must be entered on a schedule and exhibited. Some of the Inspectors have reported through the Chief Inspector that many firms have abolished fines, and that their managers find the discipline better without them. The high fines which exist in many cases of which I have tables lead to very bad results where fines are imposed by a foreman or overseer for spite, and are liable to great abuse in the case of women-workers. It is difficult to realize the extent to which disciplinary fines are carried in the less well-organized towns and in the less well-organized trades. A fine of 1s. 3d. for two hours' absence from work, in addition to loss of wage, is not uncommon in Belfast, and in the case of the most poorly paid class of women workers ; and 4d. is in many cases the smallest fine for the most trifling late arrival, which in some cases means arrival two minutes before the time of starting work. In some cases there is a form of fining for unpunctuality which connects itself with the generalization of the "Particulars Clause" of the Factory Acts. In a match factory where a girl is usually paid 1s. 2d. for filling 14 gross of boxes, if she is late she is made to fill 16 gross of boxes for the same money. In a case where a girl fainted at her work through the fumes, the same treatment was extended to her of fining, by means of the rate of pay, for the time she lost while in her faint. I have seen one of the books of a Company which probably has as high a number of fines as any in the country. It is marked "Strictly private," and contains "Instructions, rules, and fines." It contains 60 different kinds of fines, and at the end there is a paragraph stating that the "copy of rules is the property of the Company and must be returned in good condition" when the worker leaves, "otherwise it will be considered an act of dishonesty."

The principle of bringing all deductions under the Truck Act was admitted in the Amending Act of 1887, which forbade deductions for sharpening tools, without consent in writing. Consent in writing is not enough. But sharpening tools, after all, stands upon exactly the same footing as the renewal or the repair of brushes and of oil-cans, and the charges for oiling looms—for which deduction is almost universal. The brushes are often of poor quality, and will not last the time that they are supposed to last. The charge for oiling the looms is to pay a man, but the levy is in excess of the wages paid, and the oiler does other work for the firm. Such complaints are and must be universal so long as the practice continues. It seems to be that which was alluded to in the General Epistle of St. James—"Behold, the hire of the labourers, . . . which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth."

CHARLES W. DILKE.

#### RECENT CHANGES IN MOROCCO.

THE "sick man of Africa" has taken a turn for the better, and is not so sick as usual. It is true that, as far as outward appearances go, there is little change one way or another since Mulai Hassen died more than eighteen months ago and the boy-Sultan, Mulai Abdul Aziz, succeeded in his stead. Yet those who watch with interest the eternal struggles and jealousies of the

Moorish Court cannot have failed to notice the great changes that have come about in so short a period. The Sultan dead ; the Grand Vizier, whose name was breathed in fear, in chains in the prison of Tetuan, stripped of his wealth and property, and with the Minister of War and other high officials for companions ; the Pretender in durance in Marakesh ; a boy upon the throne, himself ruled, as is the whole country, by the powerful arm of the man who was his predecessor's chamberlain, Sid Bu Ahmed. Surely these are changes enough in so short a time. Yet to the onlooker, even if he be resident in the country, the old routine has not altered, and Morocco remains, as it so long has been, and will be until the final crash comes, *l'empire qui croule*.

Although the policy of the new Grand Vizier resembles that of his predecessors to the extent that he exerts all his influence and power to prevent the spread of European influence in the country, he goes about it in a different manner to what those in office did before him ; and it is in this change in the means of obstruction, rather than in the lessening of obstruction itself, that the "sick man" has improved in health. In place of the unfulfilled promises, accompanied by worthless protestations of sincere friendship, of the late Ministry, Bu Ahmed either refuses or accepts at once the proposals of the European Ministers—and his acceptance and refusal are final. Although the result arrived at may eventually be to all practical intents and purposes the same, this new policy on the part of the Moorish Government is one that gives satisfaction to all who come into contact with it ; for after all it is better to receive a straightforward refusal than a never fulfilled promise. The relations of the country with the foreign Powers are at present quite satisfactory : many old debts and old claims have been wiped out, and official correspondence is answered with far greater promptitude than formerly.

But it is more with regard to internal policy than foreign affairs that the improvement may be noticed in the health of the "sick man," for the existing state of the interior of Morocco is one of such peace and quietude as has not been known for many years. Inter-tribal fights, which injure no one except those actively engaged—and not very many of them—still continue, as probably they always will do ; but the only "rebellion" of any importance, that of the Rahamna tribe in the south of the kingdom, has been crushed, and that without the performance of any of those barbaric cruelties which are so often saddled upon the country by men whose ignorance on the subject is stupendous. A few ringleaders have been thrown into prison, a few villages burned, and one man is said to have been decapitated, but this last item of news is unauthenticated. The rebellion arose from the tribe in question seizing the opportunity of turning and rending their local officials at the time of the death of the late Sultan. A state of anarchy naturally ensued, in which the ringleaders talked a great deal and did very little beyond stealing cattle. That they will not err again is probable after the fine that has been most justly laid upon them by the Sultan for their past offences, and it must be confessed that for a time they held the district in terror of life and property.

By this time Mulai Abdul Aziz will have made his triumphal entry into his Southern capital for the first time as Sultan. His march from Fez has been a complete success. Tribes whose loyalty was questioned made haste to meet and acclaim him, bringing with them handsome offerings in money and kind, and by this journey Southern Morocco has been restored to peace and order. Nor has the fact that the Moorish Court is far away in the South at all affected the Northern part of the Empire, which is busy with its ploughing and its crops, rejoicing in a state of peace it has not known for some years.

With his entry into Marakesh Mulai Abdul Aziz has consolidated as much of his Empire as he needs to hold sway over—that is to say, as much as his ancestors ever ruled. His throne is secure, and will in all likelihood remain so as long as he keeps about him such vigorous-minded and strong men as the present Grand Vizier. But jealousy and conspiracy are always rife amongst the high officials, and the overthrow of the

present Ministry is always possible, though happily at present improbable ; for a change in this direction would bear far-reaching and serious results, and in the place of a man who is undoubtedly a patriot we should find reinstalled a set of officials whose one and only object was to amass wealth by legitimate or illegitimate means.

Yes ; the sick man of Africa is a *little* better—let us hope the improvement may be maintained.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

#### SHATTERING THE BEACONSFIELD IDOL.

“LORD BEACONSFIELD is dead. What is the object of attacking him now?” asked Mr. Arthur Balfour, in answer to Sir William Harcourt’s criticisms in the debate on the Address upon our Armenian policy. Thus by the hands of a Conservative Government is the Beaconsfield idol shattered, and Mr. Balfour does not think the fragments worth picking up. The next news I expect to hear is that of the voluntary liquidation of the Primrose League, with Mr. Balfour as Official Receiver of its assets. The Primrose Knights and Dames are presumably aware that Lord Beaconsfield is dead, because they were formed into a vast corporation to honour his memory and to preserve the tradition of his policy. I speak as a former Ruling Councillor of the Primrose League, and I certainly was under the delusion that, while Lord Beaconsfield’s mortal remains slept beneath the pavement of the parish church at Hughenden, his spirit still ruled us from his urn. But a delusion it plainly was, for Mr. Balfour tells me that Lord Beaconsfield has no more to do with the principles of the Tory party than Queen Anne. *Sic transit gloria Disraeli!*

The traditional Foreign Policy of England in the East has been for the last half-century the maintenance of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire. This was not merely the policy of the Tory party ; it was Lord Palmerston’s policy, and it was the policy of the Crimean War. But when Lord Palmerston died this tradition passed, to a certain extent, into the custody of Mr. Disraeli ; for as soon as he was relieved from the authority of his chief, Mr. Gladstone became lukewarm in defence of it. But with the Conservative party the maintenance of the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire became, to quote Lord Beaconsfield’s words in the speech on calling out the Reserve Forces on 8 April, 1878, “the keynote of our policy ; it is the diapason of our diplomacy ; upon it our policy was founded.” Lord Beaconsfield’s heart was in the Foreign policy of Great Britain. He never professed to care very much for the domestic squabbles which so inflamed the passions of his great rival. And of Lord Beaconsfield’s Foreign policy the defence of Turkey against the encroachment of Russia was, as he said, the keynote. Upon the enforcement of that policy Lord Beaconsfield staked, not only his own reputation, but all the resources of the Empire. He called out the Reserves ; he summoned Indian troops to Malta ; and when the Russian army was at the gates of Constantinople, and had already dictated the terms of peace to the vanquished, Lord Beaconsfield, by dint of sheer courage, force of character, and prestige, induced the European Powers to call a Congress at Berlin, to which the Treaty of San Stefano was unreservedly submitted. I doubt if there ever has been a greater triumph of individual statesmanship : and Lord Beaconsfield was supported by the European Powers because they saw they had to deal with “a man” who was ready to back his demand by the material force of the nation of which he was Prime Minister. I was lucky enough to secure a seat in the gallery of the House of Lords when Lord Beaconsfield made his speech in explanation of the Berlin Treaty on 18 July, 1878. I shall never forget the scene. The assembly, though smaller, was quite as brilliant as that described by Macaulay in his picture of the trial of Warren Hastings. What impressed me most was the idea that seemed to pervade the Chamber of the House of Lords. The most distinguished men and women of England were there, not to hear a speech, but to pay

their homage to the culmination of a great career. It was Disraeli’s “crowded hour of glorious life.” Having explained the results of the Treaty in Europe, Lord Beaconsfield paused, and drew from the breast-pocket of his frock-coat a tiny silver flask, which, after deliberately unscrewing the top, he applied to his lips. He then said, “My lords, I will now ask you to quit Europe, and to accompany me into Asia,” at which arose that gentle ripple of merriment which the reporters can only reproduce as “laughter,” but which is so very different from the cachinnations of the Commons. Lord Beaconsfield next proceeded to declare that the Constantinople Convention for our occupation of Cyprus was “an alliance—a defensive alliance—with Turkey to guard her against any further attack from Russia.” He further expounded our Eastern policy in these terms :—“We have a substantial interest in the East ; it is a commanding interest, and its behest must be obeyed. . . . Therefore, when we find that the progress of Russia is a progress which, whatever may be the intentions of Russia, necessarily in that part of the world produces such a state of disorganization and want of confidence in the Porte, it comes to this—that, if we do not interfere in vindication of our own interests, that part of Asia must become the victim of anarchy, and ultimately become part of the possessions of Russia.” The material development and civilization of Armenia were an essential part of Lord Beaconsfield’s policy, as he stated in answering an attack by the Duke of Argyll a year later. “But while holding as a principle that the Ottoman Empire must be maintained as a State, we have always been of opinion that the only way to strengthen it was to improve the condition of its subjects. My lords, I do not say this out of vague philanthropy, or any of that wild sentimentalism which is vomited in the society which is sometimes called political. No, my lords, it was our conviction that that was the only means by which the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire could be secured ; and we have acted accordingly.”

By another stroke of luck, I was present in the House of Commons, five years after the scene in the Lords, when Mr. Gladstone pronounced his funeral panegyric on Lord Beaconsfield. Never was anything worse done. I never heard Mr. Gladstone make so poor a speech, or one in which he so evidently forced himself to an uncongenial task. He read whole passages from his notes, a thing I never saw him do before or since. It was only when he came to Lord Beaconsfield’s return from Berlin that the splendour of the success stirred the orator, as it were in despite of himself, and throwing up his head he burst into the magnificent comparison of his victorious rival with Marcellus :—

“Aspice, ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimus

Ingreditur, victorque viros supereminet omnes.”

These lines were rolled out with that Doric breadth of pronunciation and in those swelling organ-notes which only Mr. Gladstone can employ. But the point is that Mr. Gladstone put his finger instinctively upon the Berlin Treaty, and the policy involved therein, as the greatest achievements of his rival’s career. Our Eastern policy was in fact the Beaconsfield tradition.

Is it not a grim satire upon political greatness that within twenty years of the signing of the Treaty of Berlin its main results should be reversed ? The two results which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury hurried to Berlin in 1878 to prevent were the creation of a big Bulgaria and the occupation of Armenia by Russia. Eastern Roumelia has been united to Bulgaria, and a Russian occupation of Armenia is now, in the opinion of the well-informed, only a matter of time. At all events most people who study Eastern politics believe that there is a secret agreement or understanding between Turkey and Russia, which amounts to a Russian Protectorate of the Porte. Russia stands today almost exactly where she stood when the Treaty of San Stefano was signed. Russia has recovered since Lord Beaconsfield’s death nearly everything of which Lord Beaconsfield deprived her. Russia has subjugated at last both Prince Ferdinand and the Sultan, and her ascendancy at Sofia and Constantinople are practically complete. In other words, Russia has taken from the weakness of her opponents and the strength of her own diplomacy what Lord Beaconsfield’s courage and cha-

racter prevented her from taking at the close of a victorious war.

This abandonment of the Beaconsfield tradition in our Foreign policy may have most serious effects upon British interests in the East. The Sultan, it is said, has demanded the "regulation" of our position in Egypt. If this is true, the step has obviously been taken at the instigation, or at least with the encouragement, of Russia, which is now the paramount Protector of the East. But on these high matters I am not competent to speak. I only know that the Beaconsfield idol has been shattered, and Mr. Balfour tells me, "by way of balm for healing," that Lord Beaconsfield is dead. I sometimes amuse myself by counting up the idols, big and little, which have been smashed by my past and masters during my political nonage. I find that in my first election address as a Metropolitan candidate I pledged myself that the Conservative party would never consent to free education, would never establish a central Municipality for London, and would never pledge British credit to assist Irish tenants to buy their holdings. Alas for the idols of our infancy! "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!" No doubt other times demand other policies; and Mr. Balfour, I am sure, does not play the part of iconoclast with any pleasure. But this Beaconsfield idol was a peculiar pet with many of us, and I cannot allow its fragments to be swept into the dust-bin of history without paying them the tribute of a passing sigh.

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

#### STUDIES IN ECONOMICS.\*

IT is a common belief that economic science is dry, abstract, and unprogressive. For the bestowal of the first of these epithets a general misunderstanding of the sense, in which Carlyle spoke of the "dismal science," is largely responsible. He assailed it with the vituperation, of which he was so consummate a master, because it dealt with the fond visions of social reformers with a rough and pitiless hand. But the name, which he has certainly succeeded in fixing in the popular mind, is more usually interpreted as a synonym for what is dry and uninteresting. Every science, again, must to a certain extent be abstract; but the belief that Economics is unduly remote from fact may be traced in no small measure to the immense stir created by the criticisms of Cliffe Leslie and the historical school. The third epithet that we have mentioned was a favourite weapon of attack of Auguste Comte, and supplied one of his reasons for refusing to give the title of science to Economics at all. From such reproaches at least the "Studies" before us are singularly free. Dr. Smart has a happy gift of presenting his arguments in an interesting and attractive form; he is unmistakably desirous to keep in touch with actual fact, and to resolve problems, which vex the mind of the practical man; and so far is he from being unprogressive that he has fastened his economic faith to the doctrines of a school which has only recently come into prominence in this country.

In his Preface he supplies an epitome of his life, which may serve to throw illumination on the characteristic features of these "Studies." He is one of many who have passed under the magnetic influence of Mr. Ruskin's writings. To this we may attribute the picturesqueness of his literary style. Picturesqueness and economic analysis may, indeed, seem strange bedfellows; and we can imagine that Mr. Ruskin's feelings might be mixed when he learnt that a disciple of his was a lecturer in Economics whose most meritorious achievement had been the attempt, by translation and by expository introduction, to familiarize English students with the severe dialectic and the highly technical reasoning apparatus of the Austrian economists. And yet no reader of the present volume can doubt that traces of Mr. Ruskin's influence may be discovered in Dr. Smart's writing. The large ingredient of ethical considerations imported into the "Studies in Consumption," of which the third part of the book consists, the continuing moral enthusiasm, which evidently burns

beneath the reasoning of much of the other portions of the volume, and the attractive typographical garb, which the author has evidently pressed on the printer, are indications which it is hard to mistake.

If, however, Dr. Smart may claim to have caught some of the characteristic qualities of the greatest living master of English prose, he has not on that account suffered himself to be betrayed into perverse eccentricity or visionary fancy. The practical instinct, the sober hard-headedness, the solid grit, of the man of business are equally apparent. In the combination of business experience with economic study, which has marked his career, Dr. Smart has enjoyed a piece of good fortune seldom granted to economists. He claims—and the claim is not to be lightly esteemed—to have been able to look upon the subjects discussed in these "Studies" "from more than one side." With respect especially to those "Studies in Wages" and "in Currency," of which the first two portions of the book consist, his "apprenticeship to industry as an employer of labour" has brought him into immediate contact with the questions with which he successively deals; and the business-man will appreciate the consequences of this rare experience.

To the economist it may sometimes seem that this training has been productive of defects as well as of merits. He may sometimes think that undue importance is attached to facts, which conflict in appearance, but not in reality, with certain theories. Approached from the standpoint of the man of affairs, immersed in the actual circumstances of the present, and unable to rise above them, exceptions to theories may assume a fatal magnitude. But, regarded from the more detached position of the speculative theorist, who can take a wider and calmer survey of the incidents of the past, and of the probabilities of the future, they may fall into their due place in an orderly comprehensive scheme. The question, no doubt, is one of the proper assignment of emphasis: and from the danger of overaccentuation the theorist is by no means free. He may pay too little heed to difficulties of which the man of business is too sensible; and a charge of this character may justifiably be laid to the account of some of those older English economists whose doctrines Dr. Smart criticizes. But he confesses, with a candour as admirable as it is rare, to failings to which he feels himself to be prone. He owns to a possible tendency to "lose" himself "in the fallacy of the particular instance"; and we think that in some passages of these "Studies" he has been betrayed into faults, which might easily arise from such a cause. He has been so impressed by conspicuous facts that he has lost his grip, as it seems to us, of the theory with which they apparently conflict.

He has, for example, called attention more than once to the committal of labour to certain classes of occupation, and of capital to certain forms, which are not easily changed; and his illustrations are apt and suggestive. But he seems disposed to exalt these exceptions into an excessive importance; and we do not think that the older theories require for their justification so great an amount of mobility on the part of labour or capital as the hindrances, to which he points, would prove to be impossible. It is curious that he should lay such stress on the *immobility* of certain portions of concrete capital and concrete labour, because the Austrian school, to which he pins his faith, has assigned a supreme importance in the theory of value to the influence of small portions of the body of buyers or consumers, who are hesitating whether they should extend or contract their operations, and are, in technical phraseology, lingering doubtfully on the margin. It is their action which, on the reasoning of this school, determines the value of commodities, and, arguing from analogy, we might similarly hold that the movement of a comparatively small portion of capital or labour was sufficient to justify an assumption of general mobility. We cannot but think that here Dr. Smart has not felt the full efficacy of that remedy for the "fallacy of the particular instance," which he believes may be found in the abstract reasoning of his economic masters.

\* "Studies in Economics." By William Smart, M.A., LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

In some places, again, he seems to have embarked on a perilous voyage, from the dangers of which he has not escaped, by attempting to navigate the narrow and tortuous channels of an argument based on practice, in preference to following the theoretic short-cut which would bring him directly to his goal. In one of his "Studies in Currency"—that entitled "Must Prices Fall?"—we own to considerable difficulty in following the steps of the complicated reasoning through which he conducts his readers, and we confess to some unwillingness to engage in its perplexities at all, when he has himself furnished the simple and, as it seems to us, satisfactory solution in a passage quoted from Mill. The puzzle is created by the refusal of the practical man to believe that a fall of prices may be due to monetary causes, and not to improvements in production. Dr. Smart contends that, if the fall be due to the latter cause, it will indeed affect the value of particular commodities, but, as the improvements extend, the effects successively produced will neutralize one another. His reasoning is valid on the supposition, which he apparently makes, that meanwhile no change occurs in the circulating medium; but we think that by the use of the term "price" instead of that of "value," it may easily lend itself to misapprehension, and that the truth is sufficiently expressed in the dictum of Mill that "there cannot be a general rise or fall of exchange values." Value is, as Dr. Smart urges, the relation between two or more commodities; and thus, while a fall of particular values is possible, the fall, by becoming general, defeats and annuls itself. Price, however, is the value of things stated in terms of money; and while a fall of prices must imply, and is only another expression for, a change in the relative value of money and commodities, it is possible that the cause of the change may originate on the one side or on the other. The fact that the change implies an alteration in their relative position is beyond dispute, and Dr. Smart seems to be engaged successfully in affirming the latter proposition; but we doubt whether his readers, or indeed he himself, may fully appreciate the distinction between it and the former.

The answer to the inquiry into the cause of the change must depend on an estimate of probabilities, and we think—apparently with Dr. Smart—that a preponderant part of the fall of prices of the last twenty years must be ascribed to monetary causes. We appreciate his forcible description of the disastrous effects of a subtle influence like this on the conduct of business, and we concur in his conclusion that the only effective remedy for the present anomalous and critical monetary position is to be found in international bimetallism. In enforcing these considerations, as in discussing the practical meaning of that ambiguous but seductive phrase "a living wage," in treating of the difficulties and merits of the system of adjusting wages by the "sliding scale," and in examining the reasons for the comparative lowness of the wages of women, Dr. Smart has, we think, derived no small advantage from his business training. If he has fallen into error on occasions, he has gone astray from a desire, not to be too abstract, but to be unduly concrete.

Yet he has, as he states, sought his special economic training in a school of rigorous deduction. He has not, indeed, been content with the old teachers, and he cannot be reproached with the unprogressive any more than with the dry or abstract characteristics proverbially associated with economic speculation by the popular mind. He has pursued novelty, but he has found it, not, like so many English and German economists, in the study of history, but in the subtle analysis of the theory of value to which the Austrian writers have devoted their attention. He confesses himself their earnest disciple, and the theory, which he has received from them, underlies his reasoning throughout. We admire, while we deplore, the fidelity of his allegiance. We do not think that the Austrian writers have pronounced the last word on that central theory of economics which they have expounded with undoubted ability. We believe that they have laid excessive stress on one side of the theory, and that a more adequate, because more comprehensive, exposition has been furnished by Pro-

fessor Marshall in our own country. Nor are we prepared to allow that for English students they have put forward the most instructive teaching on the peculiar side of the theory which they have endeavoured to develop; for we hold that Jevons has supplied the English economist with what is really essential. We are, therefore, compelled to differ from Dr. Smart in some of his more fundamental reasoning; and it may naturally seem to us that he is unable to remove to such a distance from the Austrian writers as to form an impartial estimate of their contributions to economic development, or to duly modify the exclusiveness of some of their most characteristic contentions. But of the ability with which he presents their views it is impossible to doubt, and of the ingenuity and suggestiveness of their speculations we are not disposed to raise any question. For the admirable and luminous manner in which, both in this book and in his previous writing, he has tried to familiarize English readers with foreign thought, we have nothing but grateful praise.

L. L. PRICE.

#### PINERO AND GRUNDY ON G. B. S.

"Gossip." A Play in four acts. By Clyde Fitch and Leo Dietrichstein. Comedy Theatre, 22 February, 1896.

"The Romance of the Shop Walker." A new and original Comedy. By Robert Buchanan and Charles Marlowe. Vaudeville Theatre, 26 February, 1896.

"The Theatrical World of 1895." A reprint of Mr. William Archer's criticisms of the drama during last year. With a prefatory letter by Arthur W. Pinero. London: Walter Scott. 1896.

#### I MUST retire politely before "Gossip" at the Comedy.

An excellent play of its kind (no doubt), it is hardly the class of work I am retained to criticize. If Mr. Comyns Carr were to re-open the Grosvenor Gallery with a collection of the chromolithographs given away with the Christmas numbers of our illustrated papers for the last twenty years, I should willingly go and study the exhibition as a prospectus of the history of popular art during that period. But if he were to engage a third-rate artist to produce a composite plagiarism of them all, and exhibit that as a new work of art, I should carefully stay away. Similarly, if he were to undertake a series of revivals of all the successes of the Hare-Kendal and Bancroft managements in the 'seventies and 'eighties, I should undoubtedly profit by an attentive study of them. But to produce a hash of them, made by a couple of playwrights of no very striking attainments, as the latest enterprise of a first-rate West-End theatre, is really a rather uninteresting thing to do. If Mrs. Langtry's force were in the least a comic force; if she had the double-edged genius of Mrs. Kendal; if she were even Miss Lottie Venne or Miss Fanny Brough, both of whom she imitates by snatches; were it possible to feel as curious to see her apart from her art as it was to see the Jersey Lily of twenty years ago, I might perhaps have found "Gossip" tolerable. None of these conditions being fulfilled, I was heavily oppressed, and should not have endured to the end but for Miss Calhoun, who played admirably as Mrs. Stanford. The dresses and diamonds were, to me, dreadful. I can enjoy looking at a woman who is characteristically dressed by herself, or affectionately and beautifully dressed by satin art; but fashionable ladies hung with the trophies of their tradesmen are among my strongest aversions; and it seemed to me that this was the effect deliberately aimed at in "Gossip." The parade of jewellery was especially disappointing after the stealing of Mrs. Langtry's jewels. I have always felt sure that the theft was the work of some dramatic critic determined to get rid of that ugly colourless glitter at all costs; but what is the use of stealing Mrs. Langtry's diamonds when she purchases or hires a fresh set next day?

The authors announce on the playbill that they "have

made use of several suggestions found in a novel by Jules Claretie." I can only say that if they had made use of several suggestions to be found in these columns, they would not have written the play at all. Oh, that goody-goody Amurican husband—a Wall Street King Arthur (Tennysonian species)! And oh, that young wife who was about to run away from him when she was reminded of her own mother and her own chee-yild! Oh my goodness! It was dull.

There is one notable use to which "Gossip" may be put. Evidence has been accumulating for a couple of years past that however dangerous it may be to go ahead with the drama, it is still more dangerous to attempt to escape by going back. The two policies are fairly exemplified in the production of "The Benefit of the Doubt," followed by the production of "Gossip" at the same theatre. I hope Mr. Comyns Carr, when the run of "Gossip" is over, will publish the returns from both plays, so that we may see whether the back-track really leads to the gold-mine.

The annual reprint of Mr. William Archer's dramatic criticisms—always an interesting event, and specially so now that it deals with a year in which Bernhardt and Duse contended with one another part to part—is extra-specially interesting to me this time because of its remarkable preface by Mr. Pinero. At first I could not make out what Mr. Pinero was driving at: page after page brought forth nothing but an amusing bogus autobiography. I call it bogus on two grounds. First, because it contains not a word about Mr. Pinero himself, his personality, his views, his hopes and fears for the drama, or anything else distinctively Pinerotic. It might be the autobiography of an insurance canvasser, for all the internal evidence to the contrary. Second, the particulars that it does contain as to Mr. Pinero's lodgings and landladies, his hotels, his luggage, and the topography of Edinburgh, are not, on strict examination, credible. On this point my judgment may err; but can the reader expect me to believe such stories as that of the boy who said to the eminent dramatist, "The governor dragged me up one dirty lane and down another, and pointed out this hovel and that, and had some tale to tell almost of the very cobbles in the streets, until he just upon bored me to suicide"? If a boy exists who has so completely mastered the secret of Mr. Pinero's dialogue, I say produce him, name him. There is no such boy. He is an invention; and as the man who will invent one thing will invent another, I reject the whole autobiography as the merest wantonness of fiction.

But, I shall be asked, is it to be believed that Mr. Pinero has written over twenty pages of realistic romance out of pure impishness, to enjoy a laugh in his sleeve at Mr. Archer and the public? By no means: the whole autobiography is only a dramatist's device for gathering the attention of the readers of the preface so as to enable him to impart a momentous secret to the public with the fullest dramatic effect. And what is the secret? No less than that Mr. Pinero does not read my criticisms.

I don't believe it.

Let me again submit the matter to the judgment of the reader. Mr. Pinero, after declaring that for a fortnight after the production of one of his plays he reads nothing but "The Mining Journal," proceeds as follows (I italicize the phrases on which my case is founded):—"One of the flaws of my system is that it robs me of the privilege of reading *much brilliant writing*. For instance, I am compelled, by my system, wholly to abstain from studying those articles upon dramatic matters contributed to a well-known journal by your friend Mr. G\*\*\*\*\* B\*\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*—of whom I protest I am, in general, a warm admirer." Very well then, how does he know that my writing is brilliant? How can he be a warm admirer of an author he never reads—unless his admiration is excited solely by my personal appearance? Such an affection would not impose on a baby. Besides, look at the collateral evidence. Consider the enormous improvement which took place in his work between "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," written before my dramatic articles had been in currency long enough to produce any effect, and "The Benefit of the Doubt,"

written when I had been in the field for a whole year! What other cause can be assigned for this beneficent change that was not equally operative between "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"—a period of temporary decline? None—absolutely none. And yet I am to be told that Mr. Pinero reads "The Mining Journal" instead of the SATURDAY REVIEW! Stuff! Why, Mr. Pinero is one of the most conspicuous of the very, very few playwrights we have who are more interested in the drama than in mines.

To clinch the matter, I adduce the evidence of Mr. Sydney Grundy, who actually declares that Mr. Pinero is "marching to his doom" through immoderate indulgence in the luxury of reading criticisms. There is no mistaking the vehemence, the anguish almost, of his tone. "My dear Pinero, make no mistake. These fawning first-nighters have no following: these fulsome newspapers represent nobody's opinion outside a newspaper office. You are superior to the newspapers. Don't listen to them; but make them listen to you. *If need be, fill your ears with wax, and bind yourself to the mast; but steer your own course, not theirs.* You will lose nothing: they will soon return to your heel." This is not the language of a man accustomed to see Mr. Pinero austerity passing over the SATURDAY REVIEW, the "World," and the "Speaker," and burying himself in the columns of "The Mining Journal."

There is none of Mr. Pinero's coquetry about Mr. Grundy, whose article (in "The Theatre" for March) is well worth reading, if only for its repeated and affectionate references to myself. Mr. Grundy quotes me as "the crankiest of the stove-pipe fanatics." I do not precisely catch the bearing of the stove-pipe epithet. There is evidence in the article that Mr. Grundy has studied my costume too carefully to suppose that I wear a stove-pipe hat. Perhaps he means that instead of consuming my own smoke in decent privacy, I fuliginously obscure the clear atmosphere of the "well-made play" with it. So I do; but what then? A man must live. If I like my own plays, and Ibsen's, and Shakespeare's, and Goethe's, and Labiche's, and Molière's better than "The Late Mr. Castello" and "Les Pattes de Mouche," why should I not say so, considering the freedom with which gentlemen of the opposite persuasion offer *their* opinions? All the same, I do not approve of the heartlessness of Mr. William Archer, who has gone on the war-path against Mr. Grundy, and tomahawked his arguments, scalped his figures, burnt his facts alive, and insulted their ashes with taunting demands for the production of the returns from "Slaves of the Ring," "Mr. Castello," and so on, in order to compare them with the returns from the later Pinero plays? This is barbarous, and only serves superfluously to establish the fact that Mr. Grundy has no case—as if any one supposed that he had. For my part, I find Mr. Grundy's article lively reading, and quite as sensible as most of my own. Only, I would humbly ask Mr. Grundy whether he really finds these well-made "mechanical rabbit" plays which he champions so very succulent? Does he ever go to see them, for instance, except when he writes them himself? Depend on it, he has not been inside a theatre for ten years except on his own business. If he had to go as often as I have, he would lose his verdant illusions as to the ravishing superiority of "Delia Harding" to "The Wild Duck" or "As You Like It."

I was so sternly reproved for my frivolity in rather liking "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," that I hardly dare to confess that I got on very well also with "The Shopwalker." I am as well aware as anybody that these Buchanan-Marlowe plays (Marlowe is a lady, by the way) are conventional in the sense that the sympathy they appeal to flows in channels deeply worn by use, and that the romance of them is taken unaffectedly from the Alnaschar dreams of the quite ordinary man. But allow me to point out that this sort of conventionality, obvious and simple as it seems, is not a thing that can be attained without a measure of genius. Most of the plays produced in the course of the year are attempts to do just this apparently simple thing; and most of them fail, not because they aim at

realizing the vulgar dream, giving expression to the vulgar feeling, and finding words for the vulgar thought, but because, in spite of their aiming, they miss the mark. It seems so like missing a haystack at ten yards that many critics, unable to believe in such a blunder, write as if the marksman had accomplished his feat, but had bored the spectators by its commonness. They are mistaken: what we are so tired of is the clumsy, stale, stupid, styleless, mannerless, hackneyed devices which we know by experience to be the sure preliminaries to the bungler's failure. Now Mr. Buchanan does not miss his mark. It is true that he is so colossally lazy, so scandalously and impenitently perfunctory, that it is often astonishing how he gets even on the corner of the target; but he does get there because, having his measure of genius, it is easier to him to hit somewhere than to miss altogether. There is plenty of scamped stuff in "The Shopwalker": for example, the part of Captain Dudley is nothing short of an insult to the actor, Mr. Sydney Brough; and a good half of the dialogue could be turned out by a man of Mr. Buchanan's literary power at the rate of three or four thousand words a day. Mr. Pinero or Mr. Jones would shoot themselves rather than throw such copious, careless, unsifted workmanship to the public. But the story is sympathetically imagined; and nearly all the persons of the drama are human. One forgives even Captain Dudley and Lady Evelyn as one forgives the pictures of lovers on a valentine. Mr. Buchanan does not count on your being a snob, and assume that you are ready to sneer at the promoted shopwalker and his old mother: he makes you laugh heartily at them, but not with that hateful, malicious laughter that dishonours and degrades yourself. Consequently there is, for once, some sense in calling a popular play wholesome. All I have to say against "The Shopwalker" is that there is hardly any point on which it might not have been a better play if more trouble had been taken with it; and that a little practical experience of the dramatic side of electioneering would have enabled the authors greatly to condense and intensify the scene in the last act, where the shopwalker, as Parliamentary candidate, produces his mother. It is a mistake, both from the electioneering and poetic point of view, to make Tomkins merely splenetic at this point: he should appeal to the crowd as men, not denounce them as curs. However, Buchanan would not be Buchanan without at least one incontinence of this kind in the course of a play.

The acting is excellent, Mr. Grossmith, with all his qualities in easy action, being capitally supported by Miss Victor, Miss Nina Bouicault, and Mr. David James. Miss Palfrey improves, though not quite as fast as she might if she gave her mind to it. Miss Annie Hill is satisfactory as Dorothy Hubbard, but has not much to do. The other parts are mere routine.

I shall have to contain myself until next week on the subject of the new Lyceum play, adapted into English blank verse by Mr. Davidson from M. François Coppée's "Pour la Couronne," a work which is, from the literary point of view, an alexandrine wilderness, windy, barren, and platitudinous to the last degree, but which contains several moving and effective situations. The first night was enormously successful; and Mrs. Patrick Campbell reigns again in splendour. But more of that anon.

G. B. S.

#### THE BACH CHOIR AND THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

MY heart was entirely won when the estimable Mr. Vert sent me tickets for the concerts to be given by the Bach Choir this season. Lest my heart should appear to be a very cheap lot, let me explain. The undignified, weak-kneed concert-giver, whose feelings have been hurt by adverse criticism, always falls back on the ancient and well-proved ineffectual dodge of cutting off your supply of tickets, thus compelling you to watch the advertisement columns in the daily papers if you desire to catch him—thus, also, implying that he thinks he is buying your brother critics at the moderate price of a half-guinea stall apiece. Last year the Bach

Choir outraged my feelings by certain Bach performances, and since I had not then learnt from the other side that one word of mine had power to blast in a single day reputations which had taken years of honest toil to make, and imagined, indeed, that I must hit very hard to make any impression at all, my words cannot be said to have been smooth as butter. In fact, I treated Professor Stanford and all concerned with some brusqueness, and (to make a clean breast of my secret as well as my public iniquities) I did them the further injustice of supposing that henceforth if I wished to attend a Bach Choir concert I would have to do so at my employer's expense. The prospect of paying my way handsomely with other people's money always gives me pleasure, yet when Mr. Vert sent along my tickets, I positively glowed. Here, said I to myself, are foemen worthy of your steel pen, or rather, your typewriter; here are men who dare to snap their fingers at you; here is a society which having received abuse in return for its one ticket per concert of last year, presents you this year with two per concert and tells you to do your worst! Possibly by the date of the performance of Bach's "St. John Passion" I shall have cooled sufficiently to do the Bach Choir the justice it deserves; but for the present it is useless to disguise the fact that I am hopelessly biased by my joy at having at last found a worthy artistic antagonist, one which fights and does not run away, giving you the bother of pursuing it, as aforesaid, in the advertisement columns of the daily papers, which I never read. There is yet another reason why I cannot criticize the concert of 25 February in what my better critical self tells me is the proper spirit. It is doubtless a fine thing to go to a concert with an unbending determination to be absolutely just, to praise or blame regardless of consequences, to sit as solemn as a judge on the bench and consider only the circumstances of the case before you. But suppose the judge is trying some one for murder, and as he is about to sum up, remembers that he himself put away some half-dozen victims in his youth! And the Bach Choir's performance of Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" brought to my mind a guilty memory of a certain riotous evening I spent in a South London church some years ago, while I was still an obscure organist, and long before my friends had begun to call me a first-rate musical critic and treat me as an unimportant one, and my professional brethren to call me an unimportant one and treat me as though I really were first-rate. My performance of "the Bonn master's only oratorio" was charmingly arranged; but at the last moment we were visited by earthquake. The soprano lady caught cold, and the leader of the band took to his bed in a bad state of stage fright induced by the notion of accompanying a singer who had had no rehearsal. Some of the band deserted rather than play with an unaccustomed leader, and my assistant organist declined—courteously, but decidedly—to take part in a circus. Nevertheless, the vicar gave strict orders that the "Mount of Olives" must be sung. In despair I threw over the faithful remnant of the band, persuaded a friend, whose identity it is only fair I should conceal by calling him the Rev. H. C. Sh-ttl-w-rth, to conduct the choruses, and arranged to play the accompaniments upon the organ myself. After an hour's practice with the new soprano we started, my heart in my boots and icy drops trickling down my back. All went well for a time. But the organ, which had been put into the wet walls of the newly built church a quarter of a century before and never repaired since, was in an advanced stage of decomposition, and, amongst other pleasant habits, had a way of going off at intervals somewhere inside with a bang that suggested a dynamite explosion. Something of the sort occurred in the middle of "O triumph, all ye ransomed," and the singer afterwards declared that it made her heart jump into her mouth. I suppose that accounted for her not singing at all for some four or five bars; but I leave it to Mr. Charles Lunn, the best living teacher of singing, to say whether such an accident is any reason why she should have commenced again in such a far-away key as D flat. Anyhow, she did, and I, of course, went after her. However, just as I got into D flat, she made her escape into B; and then

as I once more caught her up she discovered that a semibreve high D sharp was a little straining to the voice and straightway dropped from that note to C, compelling me to make a couple of modulations more admirable for the boldness and the ready wit they showed than for technical correctness and beauty, before the choir could make their entry. Further disaster lay in wait. Mr. Sh-ttl-w-rth has an exhilarating beat—when you know it; but to those who don't know it, it is both curious and alarming. Half the choir-boys forgot to sing because they were absorbed in studying that beat, and half because they thought Mr. Sh-ttl-w-rth was about to take vengeance on them for the cacophony they had just heard; and consequently the main thing obvious to me and the congregation was that Mr. Sh-ttl-w-rth had a very fine voice and was using it lustily. Adequately to describe the remainder of the evening would demand language equal to all the disagreeable things I have ever said about other people. The Soldiers' Choruses drove a number of people out of church under the impression that we were trying to sing part of "The Mikado"; and the one point on which we could congratulate ourselves was that only four boys, and not all of them, as we had anticipated, came in seven bars late at the finish, and they subsided ignominiously under a surprised and indignant glance from the conductor. After this Mr. Sh-ttl-w-rth then went into the pulpit, gently hinted that a very good performance had been given, prayed that we might all be delivered from the deadly sin of lying and prevarication; and then we all went home to sleep off the effects. I have described this monstrous act of vandalism in some detail, lest some one who was present should do it before me. And now I ask whether, with such a past, I am a fit person to say how the Bach Choir did their work the other evening? The most I can bring myself to say is that the performance was a better one than mine. In fact, Mr. Lloyd's singing was of his finest quality; Madame Sherwin got over her bravura passages neatly; and Mr. Robert Hilton did his utmost with a very ungrateful part. The chorus has not a great deal to do; for the "Mount of Olives" is in reality an opera, and even its two full choruses are both treated in somewhat operatic fashion, which does not give much of a chance to a choir accustomed to Bach. What the choir is accustomed to do to Bach I would prefer not to say; but Beethoven sustained no serious injury at its hands.

Little need be said of the remainder of the concert. It opened with Brahms's "Tragic" overture, which, says Mr. Morton Latham in his agreeable analytic notes, "is a work particularly in accord with general feeling at the present time." What is exactly meant by this I cannot guess. My general feeling at the present time is my usual one of satisfaction with the world which I treat so badly and which treats me so well; and looking from my window I see a beggar whose general feeling at the present time seems to be one of hunger, and a fareless cabby whose general feeling at the present time seems to be bad-temper, and so on. Which of these sorts of general feeling at the present time does Mr. Latham mean? If only I knew I might have something to say about the "Tragic" overture. As it is, I only venture the remark it is preferable to Mr. Bruneau's new Requiem. There is only one Requiem, Mozart's—the rest are but imitations, or worse than imitations, endeavours to be original. Of all such endeavours Mr. Bruneau's is absolutely the ugliest, barest, dullest, most pretentious, most insincere, most tedious I have ever come across. "The Bach Choir congratulate themselves," says Mr. Latham again, "on having secured the privilege of producing" it; and I congratulate them on the courage they have shown by producing it after securing the privilege and presumably the score, and therefore knowing what both were worth. There are Masses for the Church, like Palestrina's; there are Masses for the concert-room, which are expressions of personal feeling, like Beethoven's; and finally, there are Masses for the theatre, like Gounod's. Of this last sort is Mr. Bruneau's, and it is not good even of its sort. The only possible way of endowing the score with the faintest interest is by adding a part for the bagpipes to the setting of "Pie Jesu."

The directors of the Philharmonic Society not only cut off my tickets, apparently thinking, with delightful

modesty, that no one in his senses would pay half-a-guinea to hear one of their concerts, but, in addition, gave strict orders that on no account was I to be admitted to the hall on the evening of Thursday, 27 February. However, I was there, but the application of wild horses in the usual manner would not induce me to reveal the secret of how I got in. And really the directors need not have feared me, for the concert was not at all a bad one. During the first number I enjoyed the charming conversation of one of the leading lights of the Philharmonic, and so missed Sir Arthur Sullivan's "In Memoriam" overture. But I heard Mr. John Dunn's smooth and interesting, if not novel or striking, interpretation of Spohr's Ninth violin concerto; and Sapellnikoff's wonderfully delicate and flexible playing of Grieg's First piano concerto. The lullaby beautifully sung by Miss Esther Palliser is very much the best thing in that unlucky oratorio, "Bethlehem." The main interest of the evening, however, lay less in these than in Borodin's Second symphony, a work which I propose to discuss fully some day when more space and time are at my disposal than I have now. For the present I must content myself with the remark that it contains much powerful, beautiful and original music, and that the rendering was one of the best bits of playing ever done by the Philharmonic band.

J. F. R.

### MONEY MATTERS.

MONEY was in good demand during the week, chiefly for Stock Exchange purposes, in connexion with the Settlement. On Wednesday the rate for short loans varied between  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1 per cent., whilst on Thursday it rose to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  and 2 per cent., owing to the demand occasioned by the Stock Exchange pay-day, and by the preparations for the payment of railway dividends. The discount market was steady, the rates varying between  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1 per cent. for three and four months' bills, and between  $1\frac{1}{2}$  and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  for six months'. The Bank rate remains at 2 per cent.

The Stock Exchange Settlement passed off quietly. During the week business was not very active: the main feature was the firmness of Home and Colonial stocks. Consols, which on Tuesday touched 109 $\frac{1}{2}$ , closed on Thursday at 109 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 110. Home Railways were strong and dearer, especially the leading "heavy" lines: the very favourable traffic returns contributed to the improvement. On the American railway lines the traffic returns were also satisfactory; but, with the exception of high-class investment bonds, the market showed an absence of firmness on account of American selling. Canadian Pacific shares fluctuated between 58 $\frac{1}{2}$  and 58 $\frac{3}{4}$ : Grand Trunk stocks were depressed by the poor traffic receipts.

South American stocks were remarkably active at rising prices; but they are advancing rather fast, especially in the case of Argentine stocks. The fall in the gold premium at Buenos Ayres is not likely to go on, with the price of Argentine wheat at 25s. 6d. only. In January 1893 the premium dropped to 191 per cent. for a very short time; but wheat being then at only 28s., against 37s. in 1892, gold went up again, and the average premium in February was about 216 per cent. The fact is, the Argentina is an agricultural country, and her welfare depends upon remunerative agricultural prices abroad, or else upon a compensating gold premium at home. It is not long since an Argentine Finance Minister expressed the opinion that the gold premium must not be allowed to go below 200 per cent. Uruguay has one great advantage over the other South American States: it has no paper or silver currency. But the country is small, and the Government unreliable and corrupt. We still hope that the State Bank scheme will be given up.

As for Brazil, the financial outlook is rather depressing, and the paper currency has become so large that even the coming large coffee-crop seems powerless to improve the exchange, which remains at 9d. Of all the South American States, Chili is the steadiest, and has never defaulted, but even Chili's prospects can

scarcely be described as rosy ; for a new loan of £4,000,000 is to be brought out this year as soon as the prices of the old loans have further improved.

Little business was done in the South African Market, and Continental selling tended to keep it dull. The "carrying-over" rates were rather stiff (from 7 to 15 per cent.), and the French speculators appear to have been quite disgusted. However, under present circumstances it must be almost a relief to holders to observe the comparative steadiness of the market. In the general Mining Market there was a considerable business done. Indian shares were in request. Copper was strong and dearer, and also in good demand. Rio Tinto shares have advanced to about 19.

Since we called attention, on 1 February, to the flooding of the Huanchaca Silver Mine, which yielded about 8,910,000 ounces of silver in 1894, there has been a general improvement in silver securities, and silver, which is now 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., has also risen in value. The total production of silver in the world in 1894 was 167,752,500 ounces, but in 1895 it was reduced to 165,500,000 ounces, in consequence of the smaller output of the Broken Hill Mine, its weekly average being about 195,442 ounces, against about 265,780 ounces in 1894, while the average since the beginning of this year shows only 140,400 ounces per week. If we add, therefore, this new falling-off in the Broken Hill output of about 55,000 ounces per week to the Huanchaca deficiency, we may calculate upon a probable shortage of about 10 to 11 millions of ounces in the supply of silver for the present year, provided, of course, the ore in the Broken Hill Mine continues poor.

Business was quiet on the whole in the Foreign Market. The rumours about the Egyptian Question, though denied, were sufficient to fractionally depress Egyptian and Turkish stocks. Russian stocks were steady. Italian stocks touched 78 $\frac{1}{2}$  on Wednesday, or 3 per cent. below last Saturday's price, but they closed better on Thursday at 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ . There must be a large "bear" position in them, on account of the news from Abyssinia ; Spanish stocks, too, are greatly oversold.

There has been much discussion during the week as to whether it is worth while to go on paying off the National Debt as rapidly as we have been doing, but one very strong reason why we should just now pause to consider our position has not been forthcoming. The rise in Consols, though a thing which most Britons regard as a compliment to the credit of the nation, is a serious matter for the taxpayer, who is annually called upon to find the funds for wiping out some portion of the Debt. Taking Consols, for the sake of argument, as standing at £110, and the National Debt as amounting in round figures to £650,000,000, the rise which has occurred since Consols were at par means an addition to the Debt of £65,000,000. In other words, the necessity of buying Consols at their market value, assuming they remain at 110, would add as much to the Debt as we have paid off in ten years. And as the quantity of stock is reduced and the number of buyers increases, Consols will become more valuable. An advance of 1 per cent. per annum would increase the Debt by the amount—£6,000,000—we pay off in an average year. That is a consideration which our financial advisers will do well to weigh.

"Burdett's Official Intelligence" for 1896 does more than sustain its high reputation for usefulness and accuracy. It is difficult to praise too highly this admirable work of reference.

We are informed that the solicitors to the promoters of the Hastings Harbour Loan fiasco are Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co. If this is indeed the case, we must confess to some surprise that the subscribers to this moribund scheme have not yet had their money returned to them. Surely Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co., who have recently professed such an anxious desire to see company-promoters launching honest schemes, will experience little difficulty in advising their clients to disgorge the Hastings

Harbour Loan subscriptions ? We trust that this course may be pursued ; otherwise we shall have to return to the subject.

#### NEW ISSUES, &c.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

#### AUDITORS AS LIQUIDATORS.

We drew attention in our issue of the 25th ultimo to the generally unsatisfactory condition of things which at present exists in connexion with the liquidation of public companies. We commented upon the inordinately long period over which many of these company liquidations are permitted to drag their slow length along, and we compared the eagerness of certain liquidators to give information about some of the concerns under their control with the extraordinary reticence exhibited by them in regard to others. We specifically mentioned the matters of Woodhouse & Rawson United, Limited, and the London and Provincial Publishing Company, Limited, of which companies a firm of auditors called Messrs. Robinson & Leslie are the liquidators. Our remarks were to some extent provoked by the action of that firm in rushing into print with particulars of another company of which they were the liquidators. We had not noticed any desire upon the part of Messrs. Robinson & Leslie to supply information in relation to other concerns which they had liquidated, and we naturally distrusted their motives when we found them so anxious to give information concerning one particular company which had fallen into their hands. The Company in question was the Proprietary House and Land Corporation, Limited, and it is quite possible that, from a liquidators' point of view, it was not an altogether satisfactory undertaking. About Woodhouse & Rawson United, Limited, the circumstances connected with the liquidation of which we do not at all understand, we shall have something to say hereafter ; but the London & Provincial Publishing Company, Limited (the liquidation of which has now closed), calls for our more immediate attention. This Company was formed in July 1890, and its directorate included a retired Major-General and a Marquis of foreign extraction, who was also part proprietor of a grocery business. It is interesting to note that the late Mr. Abington Baird, for reasons best known to his solicitors, had a tolerably large interest in this concern. Messrs. Robinson & Leslie were the auditors, and Messrs. Lumley & Lumley, who have not always made a very happy choice in regard to the limited liability ventures with which they have associated themselves, were the solicitors. The London & Provincial Publishing Company, Limited, started under very favourable circumstances, but it rapidly went to grief, and in the early part of 1892 was in debt to a large extent. Among its creditors were Messrs. Robinson & Leslie, the auditors. These persons, whilst continuing to act as auditors, sued the Company for their fees, obtained judgment, and, using the knowledge which their position as auditors gave to them, actually garnished the unfortunate Company's banking account to the full extent of the sum which at the time stood to its credit. This considerate action upon the part of Messrs. Robinson & Leslie naturally precipitated matters ; for it left the struggling Company without any funds in hand with which to pay wages, or anything else. In August 1892 the Company in general meeting passed a resolution for winding-up, and it is a curious circumstance that this firm of auditors, Messrs. Robinson & Leslie, whose proceedings had so materially hastened the Company's liquidation, were by a narrow majority appointed liquidators. Since that period very little can be ascertained about the London and Provincial Publishing Company, Limited. We have examined the so-called "accounts" of the liquidation, which have been filed at Somerset House ; but in the sense that they give full information as to how the sums realized by the liquidators have been expended, they are not "accounts" at all. We observe that Messrs. Lumley & Lumley (in addition to other amounts received by them for "costs") were paid in full a sum of £52 10s., alleged to have been expended by them on the Company's behalf prior to its liquidation. As this privilege of full payment was not accorded to

any of the Company's other creditors (not even to the preferential creditors), we should be glad to know why the liquidators thus favoured Messrs. Lumley & Lumley. We find that the assets of this unfortunate Company only realized the small sum of £231 18s.; but this poor result was mainly due to the unauthorized action of the managing director of the Company, in assigning to one of the Company's principal creditors a large number of the Company's book debts. That little arrangement was carried out only two or three weeks before the Company went into liquidation, and a more unjustifiable or reckless proceeding it would be difficult to imagine, more especially as the Company's Articles of Association distinctly provided against anything of the sort being done. Messrs. Robinson & Leslie were pressed by certain shareholders in the Company to enter an action for restitution against the creditor who had benefited by this illegal preference, but it is a singular fact that they never did so. We think that Messrs. Robinson & Leslie, the auditors and liquidators, should state clearly, and at once, what were the considerations which influenced them in deciding not to proceed against the person to whom this assignment was made. They might also explain why the liquidation of the London & Provincial Publishing Company, Limited, was extended over such an extraordinarily long period. As the liquidation was only recently concluded, it would appear that it has taken the liquidators over three years to realize upon the assets of this Company the small sum of £231 18s. Indeed, it would be more correct to say that it has taken them this long space of time to realize only £81 18s., because, as Messrs. Robinson & Leslie will remember, there was a sum of £150 paid to them within six weeks of their appointment as liquidators. Such delays as this need something more than explanation.

HANNAN'S SOUTH BROWN HILL GOLD MINES,  
LIMITED.

We have previously commented upon the extraordinary extent to which the name of "Hannan" has been used in connexion with the promotion of public companies and the spoliation of the investing public. Company-promoters have apparently seen in "Hannan" a name to conjure with; but we cannot tell exactly why, since not one of the "Hannan" companies has, as yet, paid any dividend. We shall shortly refer in detail to the companies which have been formed to work so-called "properties" in the Hannan district. Some of these have been promoted by noted swindlers, whose questionable proceedings we have on numerous occasions exposed. Hannan's South Brown Hill Gold Mines, Limited, is a concern which hails from the home of the Anglo-French Investment Company, Limited, of 6 Drapers Gardens, E.C. This being so, it is scarcely necessary to criticize the prospectus; for our readers may remember that it was this Anglo-French Company which played such a prominent part in foisting upon the public the worthless shares of the Mozambique Reefs, Limited. We dealt at some length with the individuals who are behind these concerns in our issue of 7 September, 1895.

THE IMPERIAL PRESS, LIMITED.

Want of space prevents us dealing with the prospectus of the Imperial Press, Limited, in this issue, but we shall certainly have something to say about it next week. On first consideration our opinion of it is entirely unfavourable.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTH AFRICAN NOTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

CAPE COLONY, 5 February, 1896.

SIR,—The members of the Reform Committee were brought up for preliminary examination at Pretoria on Monday, and remanded. It is understood that they will reserve their defence until the trial, which will not take place before April. The Transvaal Government is doing its utmost to obtain evidence against them, but it seems there is very little to be got. No one who knows Lionel Phillips believes that story about his letter-

book. He is much too careful a man of business to leave anything of the kind lying about. And he knew that he and the other leaders of the movement would be arrested many hours before the warrants were issued. If a letter-book has really been found, it is probably either part of a game of "spoof," duly arranged to bamboozle the prosecution, or merely a record of ordinary business correspondence. It is difficult to see what evidence can be produced against the leaders of the Reform movement. Everything was done openly; there was no real necessity to smuggle arms into Johannesburg. Opinions differ as to the punishment that will be meted out to the leaders in the event of a conviction. It will depend largely on the treatment of Dr. Jameson by the Imperial authorities and their attitude towards the Transvaal. That a heavy indemnity will be demanded from those best able to pay goes without saying. Oom Paul's beloved Hollanders have had a gala time of it during the turmoil, and the Pretoria Germans have had a long finger in the pie. One Hollander firm in Pretoria has presented a little bill of £17,000 odd for fitting out certain burgher commandos. And I suppose the Free State will have to be settled with for the mobilization of its burghers. The money question is, however, quite a secondary consideration. If the revolution had succeeded, it might have been a good investment for millionaires and mining magnates, though for the bulk of the Rand population it would only have meant a change of masters. It has failed, and its authors must pay for their abortive conspiracy. There is not the remotest danger of any further political disturbance in the Rand, notwithstanding alarmist rumours and lying cables in the "bear" interest. Some of the low-class German and Hollander police have been assaulting defenceless people in the streets of Johannesburg, insulting women, and generally behaving like the drunken rabble they are. But whisky, not politics, is at the bottom of these blackguards' behaviour; and they will become quiet as soon as a few of them have been horsewhipped. There is no fear that any of the mines will be shut down so long as water and labour are obtainable. Both are scarce at present. Business in Johannesburg is very dull, and some five hundred mechanics left for Cape Town last week to seek work, which they will certainly not find.

Bad news comes from Namaqualand, where the people are literally dying of starvation. No rain has fallen there for over two years, and it has been impossible to grow anything. Drought and locusts have been making things terribly hard for farmers in the Northern, Western, and most of the Southern divisions, and the outlook is black all round. Cape Town suffers less than other centres on account of its big transit passenger trade; but business here is none too brisk.

Sir James Sivewright has signalized his return to office as Commissioner of Railways by an attempt to pour oil on the troubled waters at Pretoria, which has succeeded beyond expectation. He has persuaded the Netherlands Company to run eight goods trains from the river to the Rand instead of one, and the block of merchandise at Vereeniging is being rapidly cleared off. Goods are still examined and passengers searched for arms at the river; but the latter precaution will be abandoned very shortly, and the appointment of thirty extra clerks will greatly facilitate the clearance of freight.—Yours truly,

T. S.

PROFESSOR TYRRELL AND MR. WALTER WREN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, 16 February, 1896.

SIR,—A "plume-tossing" adversary is one who advances to the attack with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. The adjective does not declare whether that adversary is really so very formidable as his demonstration (*μελλόντις*) would seem to threaten. I cannot conceive how the adjective could be supposed to hint at either athletic vigour or the want of it. Certainly I never used it in any such sense. As to *viva voce* examination, Mr. Wren has settled the question by the words, "The arguments against entirely outweigh those for it." I am emboldened to set against this epoch-making *dictum* another formed on similar lines. It is this: "The arguments for it entirely outweigh those against it." I think I shall always use Mr.

Wren's *dictum de omni* in newspaper discussions. But if I were young enough to look forward to examination-tests as an examinee, I think I should avoid the logic of Mr. Wren almost as studiously as I should recoil from his literary style. In his last paragraph Mr. Wreg offers "for my information" a statement which I hold to be absolutely untrue, that the permission to take up philology instead of verse composition "was intended to cut down the superiority of Cambridge classics over Oxford classics." I believe—indeed I know—that the rules for the I.C.S. Examinations were drawn up with a desire to provide a perfectly fair test at the open competition; and I am sure it never occurred to those who were responsible for them that "Cambridge men can do Greek and Latin composition all round; many Oxford men can't." The Commissioners knew that such a proposition was quite untrue, except in so far as it can be coupled with the cancelling statement, "Oxford men can do composition all round; many Cambridge men can't." It will be always true that "many" Oxford and Cambridge men will lack the ability to cultivate successfully an art to which only a few can attain. It will never be true that every Oxford or Cambridge man can do composition all round. But enough of this. I must go and verify my Psalms, Job, Hebrews, and Pickwick. Oh that Mr. Wren had been able to verify John Galt and "Lawrie Todd"! But "Tis not in mortals to command success." Act, scene, line? Where is my *Addison*? Quite two miles away, in my desirable and commodious suburban residence. Where is my accuracy? Alas! according to Mr. Wren, nowhere!—Yours, R. Y. TYRRELL.

#### SEA-FISHING IN WINTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON INSTITUTION, E.C., 17 February, 1896.

SIR,—As a keen sea-fisherman, I read with great interest "John Bickerdyke's" excellent account of the sport in your last issue, a contribution the more welcome by contrast with a previous article on the same subject that appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW, the opening sentence of which ran, "The idea of angling with rod and line in the sea is naturally repulsive to the human mind." Well, it is to be presumed that this gentleman credited humanity in general with a mind like his own; and, as one of that august body, I see no reason to congratulate myself on the comparison. "John Bickerdyke," at all events, thinks differently; and his remarks bring back to my mind the occasion when, just three years ago, he and I and some few others founded the British Sea-Anglers' Society, now numbering three or four hundred members.

I should not, however, have ventured to trespass on your valuable space had I not a suggestion to offer for the consideration of those who may have some fancy for the sport, and yet be deterred by the agony of facing the freaks of the Channel in small, open boats, which certainly behave in a most undesirable way under such circumstances.

"John Bickerdyke's" notion of light stages is by no means a bad one, only it ignores one of the elementary principles of success in sea-angling, which is that it is often, very often, necessary to go to the fish. Anyway, they will not always come to the angler.

If, then, some form of boat—pending your correspondent's humorous suggestion of a captive balloon—is essential, why not a small, clean steamer? Fishing parties in Australia, from which land of promise I have just returned, invariably club together the requisite few pounds and charter a steam-tug for the day, and the system answers admirably. Not only are the more bilious of the party spared the pain of becoming an undignified spectacle, as many certainly would in any little cockleshell of a boat, but the fishing-grounds are reached in the smallest possible time, and a shift to other grounds, when the biting runs slack, involves the loss of only a few minutes. And when a capful of wind suddenly springs up from an unexpected quarter, rendering that misnamed ocean, the "Pacific," more cantankerous than ever, the engines bring us safe to harbour before matters grow too lively. Commanding this experiment to your angling readers, I am, &c.

F. G. AFLALO.

#### THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY AND VIVISECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

BELLGARTH, HENDON, N.W.

SIR,—Many persons, sensitive to the sufferings of animals, are already asking hopefully whether the new photography will not have some effect in diminishing the cruelties of vivisection. The hope seems, unfortunately, to be based on a fallacy—in fact, the great fallacy which alone makes vivisection itself to be tolerated at all amongst us. Were the advancement of medicine or the treatment of patients the main object, or even an important object, with the vivisector, the hope might reasonably be entertained; but a survey of vivisection must show that it has next to nothing to do with medical treatment. Where any treatment can, even in imagination, be traced to vivisection, of course the vivisectors are glad to urge it as a defence of their practices; but that medical treatment is not their object is amply shown from their own works. Professor Hermann of Zürich has plainly told us:—"The advancement of our knowledge, and not utility to medicine, is the true and straightforward object of all vivisection. No true investigator in his researches thinks of the practical utilization. Science can afford to despise this justification with which vivisection has been defended in England." In like manner Mr. Victor Horsley, the English vivisector, has said, "After the furtherance of science, the saving of human life is the noblest object we have in view," and in reply to our not unreasonable demand for some definite instance of the benefit derived by medicine from vivisection, the same gentleman accuses us of "the miserable spirit of *cui bono*, which finds the highest development within our shores." If the object of vivisectors was to diminish human suffering, should we find in the Report of our Hydrophobia Committee the statement that to stamp out hydrophobia "police regulations would suffice, if these could be rigidly enforced," and also find that neither the vivisectors who signed that Report nor any others have ever made the slightest attempt to advocate any such regulations, but have, on the contrary, on all occasions supported the experimentation of Pasteur?

The object of the vivisector being "research" and not the treatment of disease, we see in the new photography only an additional means in his hands to carry on his cruel work. According to his usual methods, everything known about bones and their diseases will now have to be tested on all kinds of animals, under all sorts of conditions, under the new light. Experimentation is infinite, and more interesting than ever if you can see the results. If the vivisectors are true to their creeds, we shall now have animals after all manner of "researches" hung up by legs or ears, or crucified on frames, as may be convenient, for some twenty-four hours—which, we understand, is the time necessary to develop the photograph from the complete body—that their tormentors may see what has happened. As it will be essential to keep them perfectly still, curari will, of course, be applied, and will increase the torture. That physiologist who wished to study bruises began his investigations by belabouring the hapless hounds that fell into his hands with "a great wooden mallet" or a heavy stone bottle. In his own words, "With one of the large stone bottles we made violent contusions on the sides of the hips. Thirty-seven times my arm falls with all its force. . . The animal indicates by its cries and movements that the contusion affects it painfully" (!) In like manner we may now expect to hear that the noble army of "researchers" will take to the study of bullet-wounds by applying loaded pistols to all the various parts and organs of the living animal and watching what happens.

No beneficent invention will ever stop vivisection, which is not the work of beneficent minds. There are two ways only to do that. One is to forbid it absolutely by law, under heavy penalty; the other is to create so strong a feeling against the cruelties and meanness which it involves that its advocates will be ashamed to carry it on. Already they have to resort to misrepresentation and subterfuge to obtain public sanction, which is a hopeful sign for us.—Yours, &c.

ERNEST BELL.

## REVIEWS.

## BYROM'S POEMS.

"The Poems of John Byrom." Edited by Adolphus William Ward. 4 vols. Printed for the Chetham Society. 1894-5.

ON 6 October, 1714, there appeared in the pages of the "Spectator" a copy of verses which Addison introduced as "so original that I do not much doubt but it will divert my readers." He was quite right in his instinct, and the pastoral of "Colin and Phebe," not merely diverted, but charmed, all poetically minded persons for three generations. In the midst of universal artificiality of taste it was artificial also, but in a mode so graceful and pretty that no one could overlook it. In the age of Anne such verse as this was surely very refreshing:—

"Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,  
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;  
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,  
And 'chirp' went the grasshopper under our feet.  
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,  
The woods are but lonely, the melody gone:  
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,  
Gave everything else its agreeable sound."

This airy, pretty "pastoral" was the composition of a young Manchester man who, only a week or two before, had been elected to a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge. His name was John Byrom, and the Phebe of his song was "Jug," or Joanna, the second daughter of the great Dr. Bentley. That she was only eleven years old at the time gives a playful unsubstantiality to the Dresden-china poem, written, doubtless, mainly in compliment to the redoubtable Master, for whom Byrom maintained a lifelong affection and respect.

It is the miscellaneous poems of this John Byrom, whose first appearance was so luckily made in the "Spectator" of 1714, that have been collected into four volumes, for the Chetham Society, by the learned Principal of Owens College. There is a double appropriateness in the publication by a Manchester dignitary, at the expense of a Manchester Society, of the works of a typical Manchester celebrity; nor does it cease there, for it was the Chetham Society which, in 1854-58, first printed the curious journals and note-books of Byrom, illustrating in a remarkable manner the life of a prominent provincial citizen in the eighteenth century. The works of Byrom, whether in prose or verse, were not, with very slight exceptions, published in his lifetime. In 1773, ten years after his death, a Manchester bookseller transcribed from his MSS., and printed two volumes of his "Miscellaneous Poems," now a rare book. This is the form, we confess, in which we have learned to amuse ourselves with Byrom's galloping verses, and we do not find that Dr. Ward has added much that is important to the text. But the edition of 1773, as we have said, is uncommon, and Byrom needs, moreover, copious annotation, his text bristling, as it does, with obscure contemporary allusion. Such annotation Dr. Ward gives profusely, and the preparation of the book has evidently been to him a pure labour of love.

For the ordinary reader we could have wished that Dr. Ward had spared a page or two to explain, however briefly, who John Byrom was. Without a thread of biography to connect them, these garrulous poems are likely to be somewhat unintelligible. Byrom was one of the curiosities of the eighteenth century. He was born in 1692 at Kessall Cell, Manchester, and at the age of sixteen proceeded to Trinity. His cleverness attracted Bentley's notice, and, as we have said, at Michaelmas 1714 he was elected a Fellow. He resided in college for two years more, and then he went wandering away to the Continent, and seems to have taken a medical degree at Montpellier. But while he was at Cambridge he invented a new species of shorthand, of which he was excessively proud; he taught it to pupils, who were sworn to keep it a secret; he was for ever striving to get it accepted by the Government, and in the slightest of his compositions he styled himself "Inventor of the Universal English Short-Hand." When he was about thirty-five, Byrom went back to Manchester, and settled there until his death, in 1763,

an eccentric, lively person, the very type of a local celebrity, taking a share in everything that passed in his native town. A crisis in his spiritual life occurred in 1729, when he met with the "Serious Call," impetuously went off to Chiswick to visit William Law, and enrolled himself for the rest of his life among the converts of that enthusiast.

Such, in brief, was the strange individual whose poems Dr. Ward has now so carefully edited. It must be mournfully admitted that, in pure poetical charm, Byrom's earliest verses remained his best. He never caught again the graceful rapture of "Colin and Phebe." He not infrequently achieves a highly felicitous phrase or line, as when he dreams of

"A World of Fair Ladies and delicate Wine," but he early lost the gift of sustained distinction of language. Yet his powers of versification are too remarkable to be ignored. He is the very type of the writer of that smooth, tripping or galloping, anapaestic verse, which pleased the ear of the eighteenth century so much, and which it seems impossible for us to recapture. Nor can it be said that Byrom is empty; on the contrary, he has always something interesting to communicate; the only drawback being that it is rarely a thing appropriate to verse. So nimbly did the iambics and the anapaests trip from his pen, that he seems to have positively preferred verse to prose for the discussion of such subjects as hereditary distempers, mincepies, Lauder's attacks on Milton, the food of St. John the Baptist, and the proper use of the passive participle. Whatever theme came before him, he rattled away about it in verse, whether it might be the Eternal Promises of God, or emendations of the text of Horace, or the defence of Admiral Byng, or reflections on the use of a flannel waistcoat—each subject was instantly accepted, flung into the machine of his mind, and thrown out in rhymed and rattling stanzas.

As Byrom took an interest in everything that occurred, was exceedingly busy and inquisitive, and worked away at his verse-mill like a squirrel in a cage, he is sometimes very interesting, though often very dull. But when we know that he was one of those who saw Jonathan Wild taken to execution, we are only too glad to listen to his account of it:—

"From Newgate to Tyburn he made his procession,  
Supported by two of the nimble profession:  
Between the unheeded poor wretches he sat,  
In his night-gown and wig, but without e'er a hat;  
With a book in his hand, he went weeping and  
praying,

The mob all along, as he passed 'em, huzzaing;  
While a parcel of verses the hawkers were hollowing,"—

and so on, in a vivid, realistic style, which has more merit than a hasty criticism might admit. In 1728 Byrom was driving to London from Cambridge, when a highwayman, "in a red rug upon a black horse," dashed out upon the coach as it passed through Epping Forest, and robbed the company neatly. Byrom writes to Dr. Martin Folkes, the antiquary, a long poem about it, in which Thackeray would have delighted when he was writing "The Virginians." Earlier than this, Byrom had celebrated in stirring verse the great fight between those celebrated pugilists, Figg and Sutton, when "a gentleman fainted away":—

"Now, after such men, who can bear to be told  
Of your Roman and Greek puny heroes of old?  
To compare such poor dogs as Alcides and Theseus  
To Sutton and Figg would be very facetious.  
Were Hector himself, with Apollo to back him,  
To encounter with Sutton,—zooks! how he would  
thwack him!  
Or Achilles, tho' old Mother Thetis had dipt him,  
With Figg—odd my life! how he would have  
unript him!"

Byrom seems to have possessed all the purely eighteenth-century arts of composition, and among other things to have been an excellent epigrammatist. Hundreds of people to whom his name is unknown must be familiar with—

"Some say, compared to Bononcini,  
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;  
Others aver that he to Handel  
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle."

Strange all this difference should be  
 'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.'

Byrom was very unfortunate over this neat trifle. He composed it in 1725, and confided it to his most intimate friend and life-long correspondent, Mr. Leycester of Toft. It presently got into the newspapers and enjoyed a great vogue; but it was foisted into Swift's "Miscellanies" of 1727, and was thenceforth persistently attributed to the greater writer. Byrom is also the author of that delightful piece of opportunist wit:—

"God bless the King—I mean the Faith's Defender;  
 God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender:  
 But who Pretender is, or who is King,  
 God bless us all—that's quite another thing."

It will be seen from our brief quotations that these volumes are full of curious and rich miscellaneous matter. They would supply a gossipy leader-writer with tags for a month, and they are surcharged, as is hardly any other book to an equal extent, with the peculiar flavour of the eighteenth century. We must not call Byrom a poet, but he was a most fertile and entertaining versifier.

#### A FORECAST OF THE NEXT GREAT WAR.

"The Great War of 189—: a Forecast." By Rear-Admiral Colomb, Colonel J. F. Maurice, &c. London: William Heinemann. 1895.

FORECASTS of future events are for the most part the fanciful speculations of ingenious theorists, and we generally find them dull and unprofitable reading. But "The Great War of 189—" takes rank in a different category. It is the joint work of experienced specialists, conversant with cosmopolitan politics or recognized authorities on the science of war. It does not seem difficult to distinguish their respective contributions. The naval chapters are evidently inspired by Admiral Colomb; we may assume that strategical questions are discussed by General Maurice; Mr. Lowe, who lately represented the "Times" in Berlin, with other well-known journalists, contribute the sensational war correspondence; and we can hardly be mistaken in recognizing the hand and style of Mr. Archibald Forbes in the animated narrative of a signal French victory when the invading Germans were forced back upon the Vosges. Indeed, many of the descriptions of the fighting by land and sea are as vivid as they are spirited. There will be not a few novelties in the next great war, and the changed conditions of the impending conflict of the nations are brought out in forcible relief. Perhaps the most remarkable will be the use of smokeless powder; the long front of the modern battlefield will no longer be veiled in dense obscurity, and the general in command from some dominating eminence may observe and control the dispositions of his forces. On the other hand, the sustained showers of deadly missiles, coming, so far as can be seen, from anywhere or nowhere, will tend to demoralize even veteran soldiers. We take it that the recent advances in the science of destruction will be all in favour of nations of phlegmatic temperaments. The magazine rifles, with practically inexhaustible reserves of ammunition, will lead to a deal of wild practice. But the rain of death upon broad plateaus from batteries and riflemen adequately sheltered will make attack across the open tantamount to annihilation. That must sometimes be attempted, nevertheless, were it only to divert the enemy's attention from the actual point of assault; but the wounded must lie as they fall, for it will be simply impossible to remove them. Then the darkness of the night will no longer ensure temporary security. Nocturnal surprises will be tried by the electric light, and repelled by the bright flashes of a counter-illumination. In marine warfare electricity will, of course, play a conspicuous part; but its potentialities have already been fairly tested in the manœuvres of European fleets and in the recent sea actions in the Far East.

What the book most clearly brings out is, that the Power which is mistress of the seas entirely commands the situation—always supposing that she is free to hold the balance between a Europe divided in opposing camps. The case is not considered of England having

to face a formidable coalition, with lukewarm friends and malicious neutrals as the spectators. The book was written long before recent events, when we still believed in German good will, founded on a general community of interests. England lends her aid to the Triple Alliance, to repress an unprovoked breach of the peace by Russia acting in concert with France. In conjunction with the Italian and Spanish fleets, she fights another Trafalgar in the Mediterranean. Having captured or blockaded the hostile ships, drawing her foremost line of aggressive defence along the hostile seaboard, she makes her one or two *corps d'armée* ubiquitous. Timely descents of a small but well-equipped force turn the tide of war in Bulgaria and Armenia, as they indirectly influence Russian strategy in the Baltic provinces, and neutralize the menacing attitude of the Danes, eager to regain their southern provinces.

The trouble begins with the everlasting Eastern Question, and it is in Bulgaria that the match is set to the magazine. The assassination of the Prince is attempted by Russian emissaries. Events develop with startling rapidity. Men who are since departed play prominent parts. Among others, Stambouloff, who was actually murdered, and President Carnot. Tryon, who found a grave in the Mediterranean, fights the second Trafalgar, and "the Duke of Edinburgh," still a British subject, commands our Northern fleet. As the fighting begins between Servians and Bulgarians, Austria intervenes. We were unprepared to hear that, even in fancy, Belgrade could be absolutely surprised, though guarded by the broad stream of the Save, so that the citizens woke up one morning to find Austrians bivouacking in their streets. We should imagine that even the Servians would have kept better watch. Russia responds to the Austrian challenge, and makes a double demonstration—on the one side towards the Hungarian frontier, on the other towards the Bulgarian coasts of the Black Sea, where Varna is beleaguered. The Russian advance against Austria brings Germany and Italy into the field. The Russians have then reason to regret their scurvy treatment of the Roumanians after the last war with the Turks. Everywhere they are held in check or repelled. The garrison of Varna makes a gallant defence, encouraged by the expectation of relief from England. Thanks to the promptitude of German organization, the Germans have it all their own way on the Eastern frontier, where Warsaw becomes a Russian Metz, in which the defeated army of the Grand Duke is blockaded. But the Russians counted with certainty on a powerful diversion, and now the news reaches Warsaw and Berlin that France has proclaimed war.

The conditions of attack and defence between Germany and Russia have been modified by science rather than changed since Napoleon led the fatal march on Moscow. The undrained swamps and morasses still protect a great stretch of sparsely populated territory; the same fortresses which must be masked or taken still obstruct the passage of an invading army. The chief advantage the Germans have now is in the superiority of their system of converging railways, admirably planned for strategical purposes. But the volume is of no ordinary interest as illustrating the difference in the conditions of campaigning between Germany and France. France has lost Metz and Strasburg, with the small but unassailable forts, like Bitsche, which command almost impracticable gorges. Behind these she has spared neither money nor skill in constructing an artificial barrier. That barrier, with its great entrenched camps, is so strong that it is suggested that the able strategists of Berlin will not venture to assail it. It is true that there is a gap; but it has always been believed that the blank is intentional, and conceals a trap. Consequently it is further suggested that the only road for successful German invasion must be secured by violating Belgian neutrality. It is assumed that Belgium, and also the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, have been won to acquiescence in the trespass by persuasion or intimidation. It must be remembered, however, that England, as the ally of the Alliance, is supposed to have no objections. Falling in with the plan, she merely stipulates that she shall be permitted to occupy Antwerp in force. So the war goes on in France and all over the world with changing fortunes; although, on the whole, the tide sets strongly against Russians

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and French. Sir George Tryon fights the decisive action off the Sardinian coast, and Lord Wolseley is equally successful in the East. We begin to think that England and the Central Powers are to have it all their own way. But the French had been only waiting their time, and the dashing Gallifet displays a profound military genius with which few have hitherto credited him. We have said that the story of that great battle is both dramatic and spirited. But it is intended besides to illustrate the deadly influence which the steady fire of the magazine rifle will exercise in open country. The battle seems to have settled into an affair of cavalry. The French, apparently checked after a brilliant charge, turn bridle and are hotly pursued. Pursuers and pursued pass on either side of a village. The loopholed walls and houses are lined by Chasseurs, who pour incessant volleys into the dense masses of the Germans; resulting in practical annihilation and the spread of panic among the infantry supports. After that battle, the bleeding combatants take time to breathe, and a peace is patched up by which neither gains.

As we have learned in the last few weeks, it is probable that if the conflict of the nations is to be fought out soon, it will be fought by very different combinations. The main points insisted on in the volume are, that Russia is feeble for offence, though potent in passive resistance; and that the emotional national temperament will make France unreliable in the field and unstable as an ally. Also, as we have remarked, it emphasizes the predominating influence of sea-power. Sometimes, if we may trust the science of the strategists, they give useful and unpatriotic hints to a possible enemy: as, for instance, when they point out how easily Vladivostock may be captured by landing troops and taking the works in the rear.

## THE GROWTH OF THE BRAIN.

"The Growth of the Brain: a Study of the Nervous System in Relation to Education." By Henry Herbert Donaldson, Professor of Neurology in the University of Chicago. London: Walter Scott. 1895.

In a general way, we are all familiar with the phrase that the brain is the organ of mind, but it is an easy prophecy that few will read this interesting addition to the Contemporary Science Series without gaining a new insight into the relations between brain and mind. Professor Donaldson sets out with a general account of the laws of growth, as they have been observed among animals, and shows from what parts of the embryonic tissues the nervous structures arise. He states that growth is most rapid in the younger stages of development, that it reaches a maximum towards the attainment of adult life, that it is followed by a period, of varying length, during which growth nearly balances decay, and that ultimately it is replaced by a phase in which decay overbalances growth. In discussing the different lengths of life allotted to different animals, he makes the curious oversight of omitting reference to Weismann's brilliant exposition of the relation between longevity and rapidity of propagation. On the whole, there is a nice adjustment between the length of a creature's life and the rate at which it is able to replace, by its progeny, the ravages made on the ranks of its species by enemies. Again, we cannot agree with his verdict that "growth of the skull exercises a direct influence upon growth of the brain." Indeed, few embryological conclusions seem better founded than that the brain determines the shape of the skull, rather than that the growing bones mould the brain. In his account of the actual growth of the brain, the author, by measurements and diagrams, lays due stress on the interesting fact that the human brain at birth is proportionately much heavier than at any subsequent period of life. He mentions, also, a still more curious fact. Statistics show that the average weight of the brain of still-born babes is greater than the average brain-weight of those that survive the dangers of actual birth. The statistics are taken from cases among civilized people. It would be interesting to know if they would hold for those lower races upon whom the curse of Eve notoriously sits more lightly. It is probable that a larger brain would not

be a fatal disadvantage among these lower races, and were this the case, it would seem to show that the conditions of civilization actually tended to retard that increase in brain-weight which has been associated with all civilizations.

Professor Donaldson notes a curious difference in the increase, in brain-weight, of boys and girls. Allowing for the differences in general body-weight between the sexes, it seems that boys and girls start equally, and until they are over twelve years old show nearly equal increases in brain-weight. Then, the girl shoots actually as well as relatively more rapidly. But it practically stops growing in weight after the age of about fifteen, while the brain of the other sex continues to grow heavier until the age of twenty-five. However, save that a right thing may be done from a wrong reason, it is not necessary that readers of this book who are members of Congregation should hurry to Oxford to vote against the statute for granting degrees to women. For Dr. Donaldson insists that brain-weight by itself is no true measure of education or of intelligence. The greatest increase in brain-weight occurs "before any of the formal educational processes have begun, for the mild schooling that occurs before the age of seven or eight can hardly have much influence." He attaches comparatively small importance to the frequently cited brain-weights of many eminent persons. The difficulties in measuring weights are very great, and there are innumerable variable factors. Just comparison would be impossible unless the measurements had all been made exactly in the same way, unless the brain had been severed from the spinal-cord in the same place, denuded of the same membranes, and drained of its natural fluid to the same extent. There is not much more to be said, except that in the most general way the brains of more intellectual people, relatively to their bodily weight, are heavier than those of less intellectual people.

Professor Donaldson rightly attacks another idol of the market-place. Every one knows that the surface of the brain is folded and corrugated in a fashion that greatly increases the surface in comparison to the volume. It is well known that the superficial layer, or grey matter of the brain, contains the greater part of the actual nerve-cells—that is to say, of the originating as opposed to the connecting and distributing parts of the organ. It has, therefore, been supposed that the extent of the folding, which varies both in individuals and among different species of animals, may be taken as an index of intelligence. But, as every comparative anatomist knows, the correlation does not hold for animals, and Professor Donaldson throws doubt upon it for man.

What will be novel to most readers, and suggestive to all, is the evidence that Professor Donaldson gives for one change which seems to correspond with education and with the increase of intelligence. Each brain-cell may be compared to an enormous spider, seated in the centre of a web which is an actual set of outgrowths from itself. Some of the fibres of the web are in connexion with nerves; indeed, there are continuous fibres from cells in the brain to the remotest parts of the body. Other fibres are continued to the web-fibres of adjacent brain-spiders. It seems that there is reason to believe that the number and complexity of the inter-connexions of these brain-cells increase during life, and that the physical correlate of increased intelligence and knowledge may be an increase in the complexity and number of the communications between different brain-cells. Upon this side of brain anatomy an enormous amount of work has been done in recent years, but there is still room for detailed investigation. We do not doubt but that this volume may stimulate investigation in a department of anatomy of considerable importance but of great obscurity.

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Annals of Westminster Abbey." By E. T. Bradley (Mrs. Murray Smith). London: Cassell. 1895.

THE books which have been published about Westminster Abbey would fill a moderate library. The great Camden began the list in the reign of James I.,

and for three centuries scarcely a year has passed without the issue of one or more, great or small. Miss Bradley's book may be classed among the "greats"; for though, like Camden's, it is a quarto, it measures a foot and an inch in height, while its predecessor is but seven inches square. The excellent popular guide which Miss Bradley wrote some years ago in conjunction with her sister leads one to expect much from this handsome volume. A close examination reveals many things which few critics will be willing to accept without challenge, yet the book as a whole may be praised, "subject to revision." Indeed, in places we are tempted to think that the proof-sheets have not been revised at all. In other places, old and exploded ideas are gravely stated as facts, giving a touch of unreality to a work which professes to be historical and topographical, and to be based on original research.

Miss Bradley begins, of course, with the mediaeval myths which sought to give the Abbey an origin in 616. This tale is easily exploded, having been carefully sifted by Widmore in 1743; but he believed in the authenticity of certain charters of the time of Edgar, or one charter, for Miss Bradley uses both the singular and the plural form. It is, however, more probable that the oldest of the royal grants now extant is copied from something which has perished, if indeed it is not wholly forged. Owing to the existence in it of two mistakes, very unlikely to be found in a genuine document, the charter is probably a pious fraud. Miss Bradley rejects it, and omits all mention of another purporting to have been granted by Offa, which many of the modern and critical school of historical writers are disposed to accept. It is curious to remark how the unscrupulous monks, in trying to magnify the antiquity of their house, only succeeded in overlaying truth with falsehood until they are not to be distinguished. The first abbot we are sure of was Wulnoth, who ruled the house before the time of Edward the Confessor. The first coronation in the church of which we are certain is that of William the Conqueror; but the late Professor Freeman was strongly of opinion that Harold was consecrated here immediately upon the death of Edward, and Miss Bradley accepts this view. The second chapter deals with the period of the Conquest and the history of Geoffrey, the first Norman abbot. Thenceforward the narrative goes on like one of the many stately pageants which these old walls have seen during the nine centuries of their continuous existence. The work ends with an account of the Jubilee service.

We have, as we hinted above, some serious faults to find and corrections to make. Indeed, in places, errors and misprints jostle each other. At p. 200, for instance, we find "Lord Burleigh" for "Lord Burghley" two or three times; and two pages further we read about a certain "Francis, Lord Walsingham," who obtained a chaplaincy for Andrewes, afterwards dean. Lord Walsingham's name is unknown to the constructors of peerage books. More serious is the perpetuation of an oft-repeated error in the account of the tomb of Edward I. The celebrated motto about "the hammer of the Scots," and the pact that was to be kept, was painted on the old stones by Feckenham, or one of his contemporaries. Similar sentences were on the adjoining tombs, such as *Disce Mori* on that of Queen Eleanor, *Disce Vivere* on that of Philippa, and the famous *Fuisse Felicem Miserrimum* on that of Richard II. These are just the things Miss Bradley might be expected to know. A few pages further on we have "Edward I." in the headline of an account of the burial of Edward III. There is rather a funny mistake in the very brief and inadequate description of Caxton and his doings at Westminster. We are told that the great printer mentions the abbot in the prologue to his "Eneyds," and it is added, on the authority of the late Mr. Blades, that this is the only reference to the abbot in any of his books. The name should be, not "Eneyds," but "Eneydos," but that is of little moment. Miss Bradley unfortunately goes on to say that many of Caxton's books have "In the Abbaye of Westminster" printed on the title-page. Apart from the fact that this form of words, "Abbaye of Westminster," occurs nowhere in Caxton's productions (see Blades's edition of 1877, p. 70), we come to the much greater blunder of the "many title-pages." Would it surprise Miss

Bradley to learn (Blades, p. 356) that the use of a title-page was unknown to Caxton? Miss Bradley's expressions would certainly lead a reader unacquainted with the subject to suppose that she had the great authority of Blades in making this statement. A word of praise must be accorded to Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite for his masterly architectural appendix, and then we may go on to notice the pictures. Mr. Micklethwaite undoubtedly knows the Abbey better than anyone else, and must have suffered much from the blunders and innovations which recent years have seen. But he writes temperately and accurately, and is careful to avoid any mention of the Vandals of Scott and his successors. The figure illustrations had better have been omitted. They add nothing to our knowledge, being, of course, except those representing scenes on Jubilee Day, wholly conjectural. Some are really grotesque, and others meaningless. The architectural illustrations are by far the best; and, as we could have well spared most of the figure-subjects, so we could have welcomed any number of such sketches as those of the Chapter House entrance, the corner of St. John's Chapel, or the pediment of the Villiers monument. The drawing of the arms of "Lord John Russell, Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth," is not so good; and who was Lord John? The title denotes the younger son of a duke, or of a marquess at least; but the Russells did not attain a higher rank than that of earl till 1695.

#### THOUGHTS ABOUT THOUGHT.

"The Metaphysical Basis of Plato's Ethics." By Arthur Bernard Cook. London: George Bell & Co. 1895.

"Hedonistic Theories, from Aristippus to Spencer." By John Watson, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THESE two books are both disappointing, for the first professes to be an attempt to reconstruct the circle of Plato's metaphysic for the learned, and is in reality a mere critical appendix to Mr. Archer-Hind's edition of the "Timaeus." The second professes to be a mere popular story of the chief Hedonists told to the man in the street, or at least to the man in the train; whereas in reality it is a fine summary of the case of the transcendentalist against the Hedonist, put all the more forcibly because it is put so modestly.

Mr. Cook has played a little prank with the Cambridge undergraduates. He knows that there are certain young men whose wits are sharp enough to take honours in the final classical school, but they dislike that critical study of texts and disputed passages which modern examiners value so highly. These unpractical young men love pure thought and those cobwebs of metaphysic which modern dons are paid to sweep away with scorn. Hence Mr. Cook has thought upon a brilliant plan: he will lure the dreamer into some solid, beef-giving, textual study, by calling his work "The Metaphysical Basis of Plato's Ethics." Of course Plato's metaphysical notions, if one could get the hang of them, would help one to correct many erroneous texts, and for this end Mr. Cook has girded up his loins and resolved to deal with the subject. But alas! the Icarian youth, his eyes ever upon the solid and practical earth, flew too near the sun for his waxy wings. His short flight has ended in disaster, and he will be but a gazing-stock to the dreamy young men, both for his audacity and his helpless fall. To polish off Plato's metaphysic in 160 pages, even if one studs these thick with Greek words—the very shorthand of philosophy—is plainly impossible; but when one wants at the same time to make two hundred and thirty-two references to the "Timaeus," with special notes upon the examination-tip passages, then one is plainly too heavily laden for flight in the rarer air. But Mr. Cook has not quite written in vain. He has penned valuable notes upon several words, notably upon the *διπά* (pp. 76 and 77), and the still more difficult *ψυχαί λογίθησις* (p. 103), though we do not think the latter note is by any means final. But as a metaphysician Mr. Cook is not well equipped; for instance, he talks of dropping metaphor when he uses such an expression as "an

objective multiple of mind" (p. 99). He declares with emphasis that Plato's "ontology was from first to last intended to serve as a sound basis for ethical reflection," as though Plato were an evangelical divine, who liked to indulge in a little theological speculation just to make the Commandments vivid, and the path of duty less grey for these innocent amusements. Nor has Mr. Cook any high seriousness of style. He means to be facetious at times, as on page 93, where he is describing, according to his lights, the analysis and the descent of the  $\psi\chi\gamma$  from unity to heterogeneity. He talks of the component parts as "blends" and "brews" and "mixtures," metaphors delightful in a light and laughing review, but hopelessly vulgar and inadmissible in a chapter upon Plato's theology, and the mark of a man who is incapable of the philosophic cast of thought.

Dr. Watson, on the other hand, pleasantly disappoints us by the fulness of his measure. Men who have no acquaintance with the hard terms of thought will find him speaking simply and fruitfully about thoughts which come to ordinary men, and which they put into ordinary speech. Though he only offers to tell us about certain leaders who held that the great and final aim of human life was to gain happiness, and to point out the difficulties which beset their teaching, he has done more. He has not only pointed out what roads lead to the mud-flats, but has put up finger-posts where the paths diverge to higher ground. He is fair to most of those whom he disagrees with, except, perhaps, to Locke, but entirely fair to Bentham, Mill, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. He might have given Hutcheson and Shaftesbury a chapter to themselves, instead of a blow with the butt-end of a paragraph: yet it is a virtue to be concise. The best essay is that upon Hume, where the Professor says in easy language what the late Professor Green said very carefully. But all the Watsonian school are too scornful about Locke. Let them be careful. Locke is still in every country gentleman's library, and we do not want him dusted and brought up again as an authority in some English reaction. The admirers of Ibsen will be interested in the essay upon Hume, to whom that masterly unbuilder owes no small debt. But most people will find this book worth reading, even if they style themselves "thinkers."

#### THE HISTORY OF CURRENCY.

"The History of Currency, 1252 to 1894; being an Account of the Gold and Silver Monies and Monetary Standards of Europe and America, together with an Examination of the effects of Currency and Exchange Phenomena on Commercial and National Progress and Well-being." By W. A. Shaw, M.A., late Berkeley Fellow of the Owens College, Fellow of the Royal Historical and Royal Statistical Societies. London: Wilsons & Milne. 1895.

IN this "elementary handbook," as he modestly calls it, Mr. Shaw covers the six centuries from the minting of the gold florin in the city to which that coin owes its name to the last International Conference, at Brussels, in 1892. It is, if we are not mistaken, the first serious attempt, of late years, to do for English readers what has been done in Germany by the monumental work of Soetbeer and others, and it will be welcomed as it deserves. It is a long way to travel in 423 pages, and one could scarcely expect that the book should "read like a novel." But Mr. Shaw has made his subject unexpectedly interesting by treating the six centuries as one long illustration of a principle familiar in economics, but not easily recognizable under its new name. The principle is what he, oddly enough, calls "the malignant bimetallic law," that bad money—whether bad in respect of being worn, debased, or overvalued—drives out good. Of course this is our old friend, Gresham's Law. Probably the author has conscientious scruples against retaining the name of Elizabeth's Chancellor, considering that the same law was set forth most graphically in the "Discourse of the Common Weal," which Miss Lamond has dated at 1549. But we question if much is gained—for the

author—by giving the name of "the bimetallic law" to a tendency which bimetallism aims at correcting. It will be seen, however, that Mr. Shaw has secured a sale by writing a book which monometallists will rejoice over and bimetallists will have to answer. If he at the same time incurs the suspicion of those who do not naturally trust to history written "to illustrate a principle," to use his own words, he has himself to blame.

Three periods are marked out as effecting this drain of one or other of the metals in different ways. The characteristics of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as these reflect themselves over all the States of Europe, are—commercial expansion; stationary production of the precious metals; a struggle to obtain and retain these metals, whose methods were "almost barbaric in their rudeness, violence, craft, and dishonourableness." In France, for instance, the ratio of gold to silver was changed more than 150 times in a single century. Within the ten years 1303-1313 it altered from 10·26 to 19·55. The sixteenth and half of the seventeenth century, when the centre of commerce passed from Italy to the Netherlands, present an unexampled increase in the imports of the precious metals from the New World through Spain; an equally unexampled rise of prices, accompanied by "feverish instability in the monetary systems of Europe," due, not now to kings and governments so much as to the opportunity of private gain accruing to the financiers from importing, exporting, and melting coin. During this period the ratio gradually rose from 11·30 to 15. From 1660 onwards the main features are—the tendency in favour of gold; the disappearance of arbitrary reductions in the content and standard of the coins; the regulation of the flow of the precious metals by the natural and automatic action of international trade; and the rise of an explicit science of finance and currency.

Thus the monetary history of the great nations, from the thirteenth down to the end of the eighteenth century, affords one long demonstration that it was impossible for any country to keep two metals in circulation at any ratio when its neighbours had a different one. No law, however drastic in its penalties, was sufficient to keep the metal relatively undervalued at home. As Sir Dudley North said long ago, "The nation hath been abused and made to pay for the twisting of straw for asses to eat."

When Mr. Shaw comes down to the present century, he comes on more debatable ground. Of special interest is his reading of the causes which made France adopt the fixed ratio in 1803, of those which led to the formation of the Latin Union in 1865, and of those which issued in the suspension of the free coinage of silver in 1873. It is certainly very different from the account we have hitherto had from the side of the bimetallists, and calls for answer at their hands. As regards the conclusion which he draws from his review of the six centuries, our own impression is that Mr. Shaw has proved more than he intended. On p. 265 he says, for instance:—"The ceasing of the silver purchases deprived the currency of the United States of its only remaining element capable of expansion, and of all countries of the world the United States stands most in need of an expanding and expandible currency." Holding this view, he cannot very well be an advocate of the universalization of gold monometallism—which would, it need scarcely be said, take away the last chance of an "expanding and expandible currency." If, then, silver we must always have with us, and if the attempt to run gold and silver together has always failed because of the floating away of one or the other metal from a country where it was undervalued to another where it was more valuable, what remains for the world but an international agreement at one ratio? "The verdict of history," says Mr. Shaw, "on the great problem of the nineteenth century—bimetallism—is clear and crushing and final, and against the evidence of history no gainsaying of theory ought for a moment to stand." But history can speak only of what was: it at least is not "the evidence of things not seen." With modern times has emerged one new condition which makes many things possible that were not dreamt of. That condition is the possibility of international agreements. In 1776 Adam Smith said, with equal assurance, that "to expect that freedom of trade should

ever be entirely res ored to Great Britain was as absurd as to expect that an Oceania or Utopia should ever be established in it." But he was wrong all the same. So when Mr. Shaw appeals to six centuries of continual war, and of political and economic isolation, we ask, How can such a history establish that it is impossible for nations, in times of profound peace and common economic interests, to do by agreement what one nation by itself was unable to do? We hope, however, that the smoke of controversy which Mr. Shaw's "illustration" will provoke will not blind economists to the real value of this laborious and difficult chapter in historical economics.

## SOME FRENCH VERSE.

"L'Almanach des Poètes." Paris : Mercure de France. 1895.

"Le Verger Doré." Par Yvanhoé Rambosson. Paris : Mercure de France. 1895.

"L'ALMANACH des Poètes" for 1896 is a curious and charming little book, fancifully printed and illustrated, in which twelve of the younger French and Belgian poets have collaborated. Each writer contributes a poem on a different month, and the writers, taken in the order of their months, are : Robert de Souza, André Fontainas, André Gide, A. Ferdinand Herold, Albert Mockel, Francis Vielé-Griffin, Gustave Kahn, Saint-Pol-Roux, Henri de Regnier, Adolphe Retté, Charles van Lerberghe, and Emile Verhaeren. M. de Souza, the editor of the book, has chosen his contributors with that taste and independence which one would expect from the writer of so independent, original, and intelligent a study of contemporary versification as "Le Rythme Poétique." Any one who has read that volume will not be surprised to find that all the poems in "L'Almanach des Poètes" are written in *vers libre*. To M. de Souza no other kind of verse answers the full requirements of the modern muse, and this little book, with its many writers, may almost be taken as a manifesto in favour of that interesting innovation. Now, to our mind it tells, for certain reasons, rather against than in favour of the theory it would support. M. de Souza contends that the older, more formal, kind of verse had the effect of reducing all individualities to a single mould, whereas *vers libre* affords every man an opportunity for moulding his metre according to his own finer sense of things. As an argument this sounds extremely plausible ; but the odd fact is, that the greater part of the poems in the little book before us, so far from being in a high degree personal and distinguishable in form, might almost be taken for the works of one writer. The fluidity of the verse gives one nothing definite to lay hold on ; vague lines, often full of grace and delicacy, go meandering down page after page, like trickling streamlets ; they seem to flow at their own will, or at the caprice of every curve that entices, every boulder that obstructs them. Nor is it difficult merely to distinguish, in *vers libre*, the different manners of its writing ; it is difficult to discover the particular tune to which any particular example of it is written, and, finally, it is curiously difficult to read it at all, if one is given to the luxurious habit of reading poetry for delight. One hears a murmur, a murmur going on, pausing, going on again, without beginning or end. The music of the future? Scarcely : or our ideal must be, not Wagner, indeed, but the wind among the trees. Is it at all significant that the finest poem in this collection of always interesting verse is a poem by M. Verhaeren, which is the nearest to regularity of form, the most definite and appreciable in metre, of all the poems in the volume?

"Dites, les gens, les vieilles gens,  
Faites flamber foyers et coeurs dans les hameaux,  
Dites, les gens, les vieilles gens,  
Faites luire de l'or dans vos carreaux  
Qui regardent la route,  
Car les mages avec leurs blancs manteaux,  
Car les bergers avec leurs blancs troupeaux,  
Sont là qui débouchent et qui écoutent  
Et qui s'avancent sur la route.

Oh ! vous, les gens, les vieilles gens,  
Qui regardez passer dans vos villages  
Les empereurs et les bergers et les rois mages  
Et leurs bêtes dont le troupeau les suit,  
Allumez d'or vos coeurs et vos fenêtres,  
Pour voir enfin, par à travers la nuit,  
Ce qui depuis mille et mille ans  
S'efforce à naître."

M. Rambosson's "Verger Doré" is a large book, containing both regular and irregular verse, the earlier part of it regular, and the latter, according to the author, belonging to a period when "s'étant dégagé des règles, il est arrivé à l'alexandrin glorieux des entraves rompues et au vers libre." M. Rambosson is evidently a young man ; he has studied many models, and has been a creditable scholar. He can be gracious and charming in formal verse, as in this stanza :

"Et veuve désormais d'anciens espoirs, elle erre  
Emmi son cœur, comptant son passé de folie,  
Comme un Gille maussade en un jardin lunaire  
Effeuille le bouquet de ses mélancolies."

And, in *vers libre*, he can obtain a certain effect of vague, winding rhythm, as in the poem "Un Coude sur le Parapet," which opens :

"Ça fuit, c'est glacé, c'est comme une amante  
Toujours rebelle et toujours changeante :  
Corps fluide, leurre pour les plaisirs,  
Ame qui glisse aux doigts excités des Désirs, •  
Prunelles mortes

Où le reflet d'une morne lune avorte ! "

But at present he has not found himself ; he wanders charmingly, "cherchant la route," as one of the titles under which he has subdivided his book tells us, and with a certain sense of the direction in which it is wise to wander.

"Il faut conquérir la toison  
Miraculeuse à la Vie,"

is the cry with which he ends ; and indeed that is the one thing needful for all the elegant young poets who set out on the poetic adventure. Have they the strength, constancy, and endurance for this wresting of the prize of art from life? With this writer, as with all the others, time alone can tell.

## FICTION.

"An Adventurer of the North." By Gilbert Parker. London : Methuen & Co. 1895.

"Down Dartmoor Way." By Eden Phillpotts. London : Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1896.

"The Long Arm ; and other Detective Stories." By Mary E. Wilkins and others. London : Chapman & Hall. 1895.

"Silent Gods and Sun Steeped Lands." By R. W. Frazer, LL.B., I.C.S. Retired. London : T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

M. GILBERT PARKER is, like his Pierre, above all things a sentimental, an author of subtle, fine feelings, golden haze and sunset effects, and sometimes, when it comes to fighting, his powder burns with a leisurely brightness, and his swords, failing to flash, shine. Moreover, Pierre carries heroism to a priggish extent. Nevertheless, this new bookful of stories is excellent reading. "A Lovely Bully" is admirable ; "The Going of the White Swan" is Gilbert Parker at his best. Pierre comes to an end at last, by no means untimely ; and now, perhaps, we may look forward to the beautiful love-story, all in white and crimson and gold, that Mr. Parker's peculiarities promise.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has, to our taste, done nothing quite so readable as his new volume of short stories. "Behind the Devil's Teeth" is, perhaps, the most effective of the collection—a really novel idea, strongly handled ; but almost equally good are "The Wreck of the 'Morning Star'" and "Two Primitive Maids." Like most volumes of short stories, there are weak places : such a piece of mechanical story-grinding as "A Piece of Black Oak" should never have been printed, much less reprinted ; but the critical reader certainly leaves the volume with an enhanced idea of Mr. Phillpotts' possibilities.

"The Long Arm ; and other Detective Stories" is a collection of four forced and unnatural tales that never

ought to have been written, and which never could have been written had the four authors had the self-respect to avoid a foolish prize competition. To find such an artist as Miss Wilkins wasting her distinctive gifts upon this kind of thing is simply exasperating. "Silent Gods and Sun Steeped Lands" tells rather clumsily some well-imagined incidents of Indian village life, and is so badly bound together that it drops to pieces when it is opened.

"The Fiery Furnace." By F. Reginald Statham. London : Gibbings & Co. 1895.

We should be inclined to classify this as "a novel with a purpose," the somewhat well-worn purpose, apparently, of showing that in the case of a girl sinned against by a man the weaker should not be the only *souffre-douleur* of her world. Most of us are already convinced before opening the book ; but its earnestness deserves attention, especially as it has the merits of a good, straightforward style and an interesting plot. The heroine is a young and peculiarly innocent girl who has been persuaded by her *fiancé*, the villain of the piece, into what he calls "an informal marriage." Even when the invariable result follows, she is merely bewildered, and hardly connects her situation with her lover in any way till she lights upon the story of "Faust," which suddenly enlightens her. The villain repudiates her claim to be his wife until she is suddenly left a large sum of money, when he becomes anxious to enforce it. Clarissa-like, she absolutely refuses to marry such a man, and he retires discomfited. His subsequent attempts to blackmail her, and her gallant defence, are told of with much spirit, and the story carries one along with it to the very satisfactory end. It is, perhaps, a pity to dedicate it "To all suffering women." Few women are in the precise situation of the heroine, though it is by no means an impossible one.

"A Woman of the Commune." By G. A. Henty. London : F. V. White & Co. 1895.

"Parson Jones." By Florence Marryat. London : Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1895.

"The Heretic's Daughter." By Maud Wyeth Wyndham.

Once off his well-worn lines of history and adventure, and judged among novelists, Mr. Henty must be pronounced something of a failure. In "A Woman of the Commune" there is an attempt at a love-story and a plot dealing with a fraudulent solicitor. So long as the characters stay at home and forbear to "make history," they are wooden and lifeless in the extreme ; but no sooner do they merge into the more congenial *milieu* of the siege of Paris than the author pricks his ear like the war-horse and breathes life into his style. The fighting is as good as in the best of his boys' books, and the historical detail as accurate and clear. For the sake of this, we pass the rest, and retain a pleasant impression of the whole. "Parson Jones" is, to our thinking, its author's best book, so far. There is something convincing and genuine in the clever sketch of the little parsonage, with the kind, commonplace parson, made a god of by his family circle ; the good old mother, dying of pride in her son, and a little jealous of his wife ; and finally, the dowdy, worthy wife herself, with her incessant babies, her slipshod appearance, and her placid amiability. When a fervently emotional young beauty insists on making an intimate friend of Parson Jones, and he returns her innocent affection by an involuntary passion that horrifies him, the situation becomes trying enough. Later, it is complicated further by doubts arising in his mind as to his fitness for the Church. He comes refreshingly well out of both ordeals, and is altogether one of the most natural and lovable characters that an honest country parson well could be. Miss Florence Marryat is to be congratulated upon him. "The Heretic's Daughter" is a rather wearisome tale of a tedious Spanish girl ; she says "Dios !" wears a mantilla and carries a fan, so we feel convinced as to her nationality. A ludicrous villain follows her about, and subjects her to the innocuous abduction of fiction. She escapes, loses her memory, regains it, and marries the walking gentleman, leaving us in a state of subdued exasperation.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Principles of Art as Illustrated in the Ruskin Museum." By William White. London : George Allen. 1895.

M R. WILLIAM WHITE has compiled from Mr. Ruskin's writings a sort of descriptive catalogue of the Ruskin Museum in Sheffield. The work will be interesting to students of Ruskin, and with its careful references will serve both as a synopsis and a concordance. It would have been more businesslike if the compiler had seen his way to set down Mr. Ruskin's observations without any padding or introduction, for Mr. White's contributions are often obvious and sometimes annoying. For instance, he introduces Mr. Ruskin's strictures upon Rome with "Chief amongst the attractions of the wreckage of the great domineering Empire of the past is the all-powerful centre and capital of that vast autocratic universe." The sentiment is not happily expressed, it takes up room, and rather shakes the reader's confidence in the book. Again, there is in the Museum a water-colour, by Mr. Rooke, of a bay in Jersey. Mr. Ruskin has apparently said nothing about it, and there is probably nothing to say ; but Mr. White gives a dozen lines of history, and ends with :—"The entire coast of the Channel Islands, as may be judged from the view of this bay, is beset with treacherous sunken rocks, which belie the beautiful tranquillity of this bright, enchanting scene, rendering the tragic lines of Byron too applicable to the locality :—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !"

And then follows the rest of the stanza, which, by the way, is the 179th, not the 79th, of the fourth canto. So unnecessary a page of padding is simply an insult to the reader.

"Studies in Both Arts": being Ten Subjects Drawn and Described by John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D. Orpington and London : George Allen. 1895.

W. G. C. has collected ten unpublished drawings by Mr. Ruskin, and has affixed to them descriptive texts, selected from the "Stones of Venice," "Præterita," "Modern Painters," and others of Mr. Ruskin's writings. The drawings do not show Mr. Ruskin as a "master" in the art of drawing, as W. G. C. says in his preface, and it is doubtful whether Mr. Ruskin would make this claim for himself. To quote Mr. William White, "It is a most impressive fact that he has devoted all his highly trained powers of careful drawing . . . to the honourable cause of chiefly praising and glorifying . . . the work of others." This applies exactly to the ten drawings. They are the work of a faithful copyist in love with what he is copying. The word "master" must be reserved for the man who feels the capacities and the limits of his material in his very fingers, and renders his subject in a peculiar paraphrase. The drawings are beautifully reproduced.

"The Story of Two Salons." By Edith Sichel. London : Edward Arnold. 1895.

This is a very good book indeed. Miss Sichel tells of two of the less known centres of eighteenth-century society in Paris—the Suard and Pauline de Beaumont. The charm of the book begins at once with the introduction, an introduction written with a sympathy and appreciation that almost rise to eloquence. Here she sets down some of the peculiarities which made possible the wonderful intercourse which she is going to describe. These people met every day—that is, perhaps, the most important fact. Once a week, which is almost the limit of frequency in London to-day, is far too seldom for such intimate and enjoyable intercourse as was held in these salons. Persons who meet every week, if they are friends, talk with ease and pleasure ; but always on the same subjects, and in almost the same phrases ; they cannot keep abreast of one another's experiences and thoughts and discoveries. If they are less well acquainted they search painfully for some fresh subject of conversation. Only those who meet every day have always something new to say to one another. Then these people were not small people. They lived in a time of intellectual excitement, of enthusiasms, of ideals and sensibilities. They had a passion for what was noble and big—false in some respects, ridiculous even ; but for this one matter of social intercourse adorable and necessary. "They thought with their hearts, these women, swiftly and deeply, thus readjusting . . . the balance between themselves and their Encyclopedist lovers, who so often felt with their brains." When she comes to her history, the author never lets the interest flag for a page. In "The Little Household of the Suard" she has many great men to talk of : Voltaire, whom Madame Suard worshipped, Condorcet, the old friend, Hume, Sterne, the idol of Paris, Adam Smith and Garrick—the closest of Suard's English friends. The Suard, at one of the Abbé Morellet's Sunday breakfasts, heard the first performance of "Orfeo," with Mélié as Orfeo and Gluck as the chorus of demons ; "so terrible were the implacable 'Non, Non, Nons,' that the whole audience was seized with horror and held its breath in suspense." In "Pauline de Beaumont" we have, as is fitting, less of the Salon and more of persons—three persons : Madame de Beaumont, Joubert, her devoted friend, and Chateaubriand, the

passion of her life. And she paints these two so dissimilar men and this rare woman with admirable understanding and quick appreciation. She can see what is grand about Chateaubriand without shutting her eyes to his weaknesses or minimizing the absurdities of his "Atala" and the fame that followed it, when all Paris, streets, drawing-rooms and press, was full of nothing else, and "savages in cocks' feathers raved to one another across the stage about solitude." Indeed, Miss Sichel everywhere shows such insight and lives so thoroughly with her society, that if it had not been for the list of "books consulted" which she conscientiously prefixes to her work, the reader would have gone away with the impression that she had enjoyed some peculiar and miraculous means of communication with these far-off men and women.

"Schriften und Entwürfe aus den Jahren 1869-1872." Von Friedrich Nietzsche. Leipzig: C. G. Naumann. 1895.

This is the 9th volume in the Complete Edition of Nietzsche's Works, and with Volume X. will contain his shorter or less important finished writings, and sketches and notes for his greater works. The finished pieces in this volume are six speeches on German Education (1872), and a brilliant and comprehensive "Antrittsrede" (1869) held before the University of Basle, on the subject of Homer and the authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey. The rest of the book is chiefly taken up with notes for the "Geburt der Tragödie," which are prefaced by a dedicatory letter to Wagner, written "on Schopenhauer's birthday."

**NOTICE.**—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

**The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.**

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Candidates for the appointment must send in their names to the undersigned,  
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It is particularly requested by the Senate that no application be made to its  
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Further information may be obtained on application to

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February 22nd, 1896.

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## CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE for MARCH.

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COUNTING THE COST. By Margaret Deland.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE. By Violet Hunt.

A CONSTABLE'S WOOGING. By Arthur Paterson.

MY FRIEND THE SCHOOL-MARM. By Edith A. Barnett.

THE STORY OF AN EloPEMENT. By Robert H. Sherard.

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WEMYSS, *Chairman.*

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